"THE ROMERO DAGGER," A POWERFUL SERIAL, WILL SOON APPEAR.

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WHEN BULLETS FLEW;

OR, THE STORY OF A CONFEDERATE GIRL. By Frances K. Breedin.

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During the Civil War a beautiful young girl of Winchester, Va., sat the night through on a battlefield near that town, holding on her arm the head of a Confederate soldier, in order to save his life. A sketch, entitled, "A Night on a Battlefield," was written by Major John Esten Cooke, and published in the Winchester Times about eighteen months after the war. It has also been the subject of two beautiful paintings.

"The incident," says John Esten Cooke, "took place in July, 1864, just after General Early's return from Washington, and when his advance force under General Ramseur was near Winchester. On the afternoon of the 20th of that month General Ramseur, a fearless soldier and stainless gentleman, received information from General Vaughn that General Averill was at Stephenson's Depot, a few miles northeast of the town, with a force so small as to render an attack upon him almost certain to result in his capture. Acting upon this information, Ramseur put his troops in motion, advanced to attack Averill, and soon the forces on both sides were engaged in an obstinate conflict, Ramseur having moved with too little caution in consequence of the reported inferiority of his opponent. The result was a serious repulse by Averill's large force, the loss of four pieces of artillery, the death of Colonel Board of the Fifty-eighth Virginia, and the wounding of Generals Lewis and Lilly. Many of the command, officers and privates, besides these gentlemen, were killed and wounded. When Ramseur fell back, as he was compelled to do to prevent himself from being flanked by a large force approaching from Berryville, he left the ground covered with his dead and wounded.

He retired through Winchester, joined General Early at Newton, and Winchester was again in the hands of the Union forces. Night had come and a large number of ladies, who had obtained permission to perform their pious duties from the Federal officer in command at Winchester, reached the battlefield. It was a real assistance when the Winchester ladies came to the aid of the Federal surgeons, thus relieving the latter in a large measure from the care of the Confederate wounded.

It was one of those marvelous nights of July, 1864, when the heavens seemed all ablaze with the glory of the full-orbed moon. Three women were cautiously picking their way among the wounded and dying men, when suddenly they heard the cry, "Water, water, for God's sake!"

To their right lay a youth seemingly in great pain.

"Oh, how dreadful!" said the youngest of the party, a girl of eighteen years. "Do let me give him some water, Cousin Frances, I will be very careful. Just hold up his head a second until I can pour some out of this canteen. Now," continued she, seating herself on the ground, "place his head in my lap so he can drink better." As soon as his head touched her arm his eyes closed and he was fast asleep.

"He didn't want it, after all," she said, in a disappointed tone.

"He wanted sleep more," said the surgeon, who had just come up. "I was here an hour ago, and found it difficult work to bandage his wound. He was so excited. That sleep is a blessed relief."

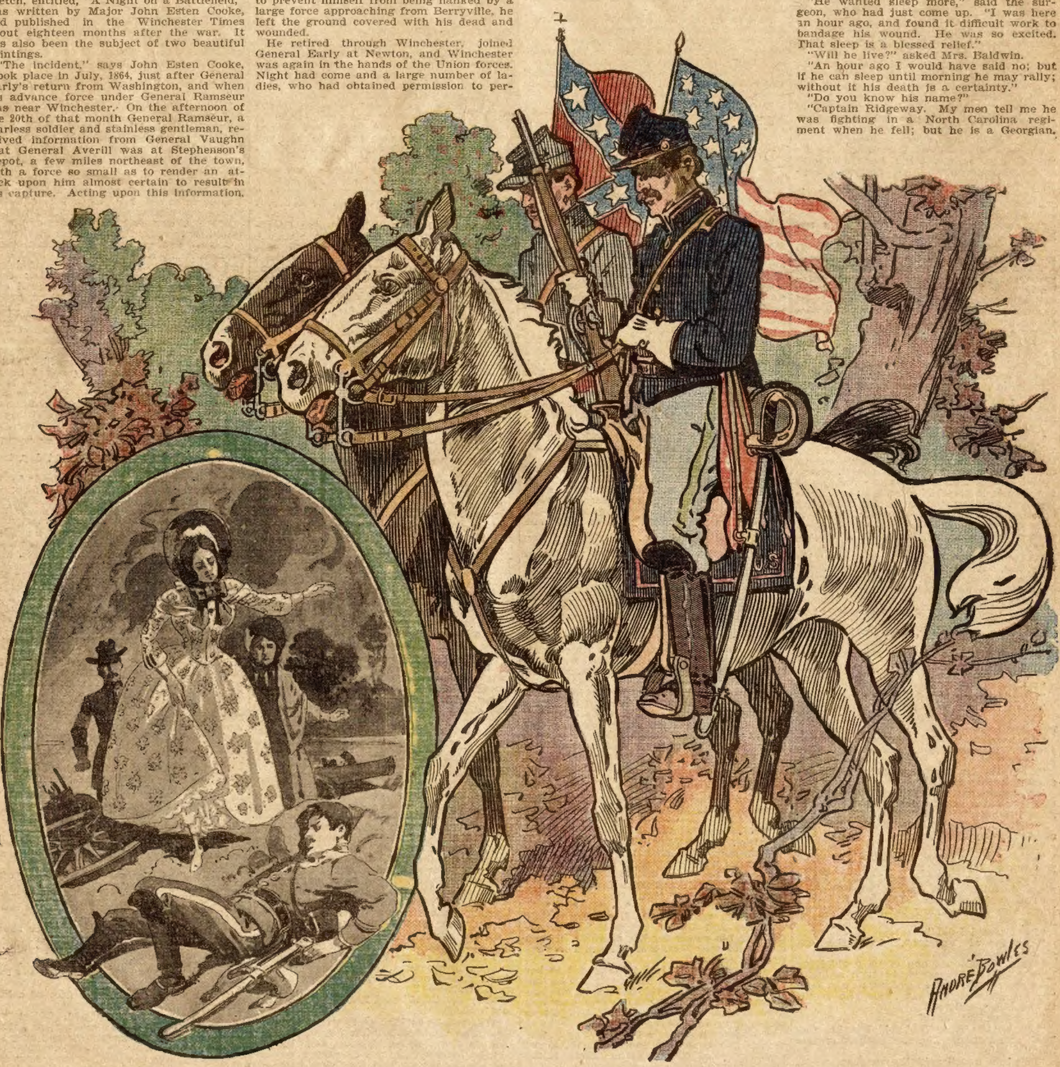
"Will he live?" asked Mrs. Baldwin.

"An hour ago I would have said no; but if he can sleep until morning he may rally; without it his death is a certainty."

"Do you know his name?"

"Captain Ridgeway. My men tell me he was fighting in a North Carolina regiment when he fell; but he is a Georgian. The boys say he fought like a demon! Poor fellow! It will be almost a miracle if he lives."

Just then the surgeon was called to a distant part of the field and the ladies exchanged looks of bewilderment. What to do! They felt obliged to return to Win-



chester, and yet the youth must not be awakened.

"Elizabeth," said Mrs. Baldwin, "can't you slip his head off your lap? See, here is a nice pillow I have made. It will be quite comfortable."

As she spoke she showed an old blanket rolled up. On trying to move him his moans began again.

"Cousin Francis, it seems cruel to disturb him when his very life depends on his getting sleep."

"But I must consider you, dear child. What will your mother say if I leave you here?"

"If these were only 'our men,'" she said, as she glanced timidly around her, "but the Yankees! Oh, do look! there is one now trying to say something. Go to him, please, Cousin Frances."

The poor soldier, with great difficulty, said, "Tell the young lady no one will hurt her."

"Couldn't you hurry home and send Mammy Peggy?" suggested Elizabeth.

"That seems to be all we can do," said Mrs. Bruce, "and the sooner we go the better. I wish I could stay with you, but I cannot leave my baby; and you know how your cousin Frances is situated, with a house full of boarders."

She whispered as she bade her good-by. "Remember, for your comfort, if his life is saved, there will be one man more to fight for us."

But the girl's patriotism was ebbing, as she asked, "Are there no women on the field?"

"No; they are all gone. But I will send your mammy out as soon as I reach home. You know there are several surgeons on the field."

"Yes; but they may go, too," sighed Elizabeth.

After they left her she kept her eyes fixed on the youth, whose hair she gently smoothed. She tried to picture him in his far Southern home. To her, Georgia had always seemed a kind of fairy-land where the flowers were always in bloom, the sun shone brighter, and the birds, ah, the birds! sang night and day songs the sweetest ever heard—for was it not the home of the mocking-bird?

No doubt he had entered the army full of enthusiasm, and his mother had blessed her soldier boy, and bade him "Go win your spurs." If he were never to return!

Oh, no, she would not disturb him for the world. What mattered it if her limbs were stiff and cramped? What mattered anything so his life be spared.

The night wears on. Everything is strangely quiet, an occasional groan accentuating the stillness.

"It must be very late. Why does not Mammy come?" she says aloud.

"Once the youth murmurs in his sleep, and she leans over to see if he is awake.

What a lovely picture she makes with the moonbeams upon her! Thrown carelessly over her head is a black lace scarf, and about her shoulders is a small red cashmere shawl. The latter she draws closer around her, for July nights in the valley often grow chilly toward dawn.

The man by the fence, who told her not to be afraid, must be dead, she thinks. If she had only spoken one kind word to him. Perhaps he, too, has a mother awaiting him in the North whose heart will never more be gladdened by the sight of her boy. He may be only sleeping, and as soon as she can she will go to him.

All around her are the dead.

Her eyes became riveted on one poor man who lies on his face, with hands and legs thrown out in the rigidity and abandonment of death. As she looks a numbness creeps over her—the man becomes a woman, and the woman is herself. Now, they are burying her, as they do in the far South, by bricking in the grave. One of the bricks falls on her arms. She cries aloud; then, with a sigh of relief, says, "It is only a dream!"

In the distance some one is coming toward her, but she feels no fear. Nearer and nearer he comes until she recognizes the surgeon who had been there before. His surprise is great when he sees her alone.

"Why, where are your friends? Have you been here all night?"

She tries to explain, but he interrupts her.

"It was cruel to leave you here, and wrong."

"But Mammy was to come."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know; she did not come."

"Have you not been afraid?" he asked.

"At first I was; but after a while I did not care so much."

"No wonder the 'Rebs' are so anxious to get to Winchester if all the maidens are like you."

"I am the least among them," she answered, trying to smile.

He saw the suffering in her face and said, as he pulled a rail to her side, "let me relieve you now."

"I hate to disturb him. Suppose we wait awhile; he is sound asleep."

"But you are suffering!"

"I think I can stand it a little longer; do you think him better?"

"You have no doubt saved his life. I had given up all hope of finding him alive."

"You could not have thought I would leave him after saying that sleep was all important."

"I am afraid I did."

"And one of 'our men,' too!" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"I am certain not one of us could have kept you," he answered, in such a bitter tone she could not help smiling as she said, "Please go over to that fence and see if that soldier is alive."

"A friend of yours?"

"Oh, no; he is a Yankee! But he was kind, and I should like to do something for him."

"Too late now," said the surgeon, as he bent over him. "He has been dead several hours."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"I am so sorry. I might have spoken to him, though I could do nothing. It might have been a little comfort."

"You have covered yourself with glory as it is," he answered, "why sigh for more good deeds? No man on this battlefield has been braver than you have been this night. No; nor few so brave. It is a great pity you are on the wrong side. I wish you were with us."

"Thanks for your complimentary wish, but candor obliges me to say I am glad I am not."

"I believe now what I have often heard, that it is the women who keep the war going—the rebel women."

"We do our best," she answered. "Remember, we are fighting for our firesides."

"Who told you that?"

"Our men."

"And I say you are fighting to keep your negroes."

"And who do you think I will believe?" she haughtily answered.

"It is natural to believe one's own people; but it does not alter the case."

"And even if we are fighting for our negroes, they belong to us. You have no more right to come into our country and take our slaves than you have to take our land from us."

"I see," said he, "you have not been properly taught."

"You are very disagreeable."

"Pardon me; I am taking you at a disadvantage. Won't you tell me your name?"

"So you can have me punished?" she archly inquired.

"Tonight's behavior will atone for much. Won't you tell me?"

"Elizabeth Whiting Burwell."

"Burwell! Burwell! And you live in Winchester?"

"Yes."

"I am sure that is the name. I have an intimate friend in New York, whose name is James Marshall. He told me he had a sister living in Winchester, a Mrs. Burwell. Can you be his niece?"

"It is possible. I have an uncle by that name in New York."

"He begged me to look up the family and help them in any way I could."

"How very considerate!" she sneeringly replied. "You would have had no trouble in finding us. There are only two; but we are very much in evidence these stirring times. Our trumpet gives no uncertain sound."

"Do you mean that as a reflection on your uncle?"

"I do. Born and reared in the South, it was his bounden duty to fight with and for her. Even you must admit that."

"Don't you know that he has been an invalid for years? If he had wished to join the army on either side, I, as his physician, should have forbidden it."

"Why not help us in other ways, then?" she asked.

"Because he would be aiding and abetting the wrong side, and giving comfort to the enemy," he laughingly replied.

"From your point of view. But why discuss it? You cannot understand us. We are so different."

"If you will permit a further acquaintance no doubt what is now obscure will become quite plain to me. I shall write and tell your uncle of our meeting, and what a spirited litttle—rebel you are."

"Why did you hesitate? We glory in the name," she said, defiantly, with flashing eyes.

"Aren't you afraid I might leave you alone?"

"No; for you might displease my uncle, as he has commissioned you to 'look us up.' Doctor—" she began, when he interrupted her.

"Allow me to introduce myself. Doctor Charles Ochiltree, and at your service," said he, taking off his hat.

"Doctor Ochiltree, it will be morning soon. How am I to get home?"

"Give yourself no uneasiness. I shall drive you in one of the ambulances. But I shall make you a cup of strong coffee first."

"Is it to be of dried apples or rye?" she gravely inquired.

"What do you mean?"

"That is the gentle stimulant we are in the habit of taking."

"Please pardon me for laughing," he said, "but it does sound so funny."

"I would rather have your mirth than your pity."

"The sun is about to rise now!" he exclaimed. "Look in the east."

It was a beautiful sight. The sky was flushed with a rosy pink; then tinted with violet and saffron; until all were merged into golden red; then the sun burst forth in all its splendor.

"As a bridegroom cometh out of his chamber," he murmured, and turning to Elizabeth, said, "Is that not from the Bible?"

Before she could reply the youth opened wide his eyes and called again for water. This time he drank long and eagerly.

"All right now," said the surgeon, as he gently lifted his head from Elizabeth's arm and placed it on a rough pillow he had made.

Evidently the change was not agreeable, as he began to moan. The doctor quickly said:

"This young lady must be very tired; she has been sitting here all night."

Much surprised, the youth looked up, just in time to exclaim, "Catch her!" She had fainted. The pain, on rising from her cramped position was more than she could stand.

* * * * * * * * *

Elizabeth was quite ill from that night's exposure and Doctor Ochiltree did everything in his power for her comfort, in such a delicate way Mrs. Burwell could not refuse to accept it.

"Mammy Peggy" had tried to get to her "chile," as she called Elizabeth, but having taken a short cut to the battlefield, she had encountered the Yankee pickets and had been turned back, in spite of her piteous pleading to be allowed to go on.

One afternoon the doctor called and was agreeably surprised to find Elizabeth in the drawing room. With a cordial shake of the hand, he said:

"I am very glad to see you and renew our acquaintance. I was afraid your illness would prove serious and last much longer."

"We Southern girls are tougher than you think," she responded, smiling, "and, even if we were not, we cannot afford to be sick long these stirring war times. Our men are away and we are left to guard our premises and 'circumvent' the Yankees. They imagine we are in Ashby's confidence—some of us, at least—and know about his movements. He is my cousin, you know."

"After your exploit on the battlefield I would not be surprised at anything. I am sure you could keep a secret."

"I rather pride myself on doing so," she said, with such a knowing look, that Doctor Ochiltree said quite earnestly:

"Do not say that to another Federalist or you might suffer for it. For the sake of my old friend and for your own sake, it would grieve me to see you in trouble. I know how little it takes to provoke our men. That flash of your eyes warns me I am on dangerous ground; but you must feel I am your friend."

"I must be frank and tell you I think you are carrying out my uncle's program; but deep down in your heart you wish us all in—well—Guinea."

"I will be equally frank and say I might have had such feelings before I met you; but they have undergone a change. The moonbeams were very potent that night."

"Now, you are laughing at me, and it is too serious a matter to jest about."

"Yes; in my own limited experience I have known several cases of heart trouble caused by the moon."

"You know I did not mean that. I meant the war," said she, indignantly. "You have been quarreling ever since you came and I thought you would be so glad to see me."

"And I am more glad than you can imagine. Let us agree to disagree," said he, putting out his hand. She took it, saying:

"If you will grant me a favor.'

"Anything in my power."

"Let me assist in nursing Captain Ridgeway."

"There are two or three with him now at different times; but, as he is specially your patient, I will grant your request. But you cannot nurse more than two or three hours during the day, and if you get pale I will send you home."

"When one grants a favor, Doctor Ochiltree, it should be done generously, without restrictions; but thank you, all the same. As you are the surgeon in charge of the hospital, I thought I would ask you: but if you had refused I should have gone."

"Now, who is generous," he asked, as she ran out of the room to call her mother.

Mrs. Burwell and the doctor had become good friends. It was a pleasure to meet any one who knew her brother so well. Elizabeth sat silently examining every feature and expression, as her mother conversed with him. When he had gone she said:

"He is a perfect gentleman, if he is a Yankee! The surgeons mrst be different from the other men."

The hospital to which Hampton Ridgeway was taken was beautifully situated, with fine shade trees around it. He was fortunate in getting a small corner room with no other occupant. It was thought better to isolate him on account of his danger and the necessity for quiet. It was a special favor granted by the surgeon in charge. When Elizabeth first met him in the hospital she was struck with the change in his appearance; the bright smile with which he greeted her made her heart glad. She began at once to set things to rights. Her little basket of thin biscuit she placed on the mantel. Then she arranged, with much taste, some roses in a vase and took them to the bed for him to admire.

"Now, if you will be good and not talk, I am going to nurse you," she said, as she laid a lovely crimson rose by his pillow.

"Who would not be good on such conditions?"

"Hush," she cried, resolutely turning her back on him, and taking a seat by the window. An imperious, "Come here," soon took her back to his bedside.

"Talk to me, please. I am in such pain. Can you sing?"

She hesitated a moment, then, in a low, sweet voice sang "Lorena."

Soon he was asleeep. Every morning she went at eleven and remained two hours; and in the afternoon from five to seven.

About ten days after she began to nurse him he asked her to write a letter for him to a cousin in the South. "A very dear cousin," he added, "whose name is Claire Legare. She is about your age and has lived at Ridgeway Court since she was five years old. Her parents died in South Carolina, and my father was made her guardian. On his death-bed he made me promise to marry her when I was twenty-five. She is beautiful, an heiress, and, I flatter myself, very fond of me."

Elizabeth listened attentively without interrupting him. She wondered why he was telling her so minutely of his engagement. Could it be because he thought she was too much interested in him? At the thought she blushed and determined he should be undeceived. She exclaimed, delightedly:

"How charming! It is quite romantic! Almost like a fairy tale. You will return, to be feted and petted to your heart's content. The village—there is a village, is there not—will turn out to welcome the warrior; the fair fiancee—but that is too sacred to touch upon. I am ready now. How shall I begin? Will this do? 'Dearest and best of women.' It sounds lover-like."

"You need not write at all if you are going on in that strain."

"Now, don't get mad. Suppose I write, 'Darling Claire?'"

"Say, 'I am still confined to my bed, else I should have written before. Doubtless you have received the papers I had sent you and the doctor's letter, telling you I was badly wounded. Do not be uneasy about me. I am better, and being nursed so tenderly——'"

"Why put that?" said Elizabeth. "Let me say 'well.'"

"Will you be so kind as to write as I dictate? 'So tenderly I think I shall be able soon to start home. There will be no trouble in my getting a furlough as the doctors say it will be a long time before I am fit for active service, if ever. I wish you knew my nurse. (It is getting interesting now, thought Elizabeth.) She is—well, as she is writing for me, I will wait until I come home to describe her to you. (How mean.) Suffice it to say, she is a great comfort.'" Elizabeth added, "Because he can talk to me about you." "'I am,'" continued he, "'too weak to dictate more now. With best love to mother, to whom I will write soon. Faithfully yours, Hampton.'"

"Your 'best love' should be for your fiancee," said Elizabeth, as she folded the letter.

"She will understand. Thank you for writing it for me. Will you mail it?"

"Yes; it shall go this afternoon. Now, try to go to sleep, or you will not be able to go home as soon as you hope."

He closed his eyes and she sat near him. That "Faithfully yours," was the death-knell of her hopes; for she felt he must ever be more than a friend to her—and yet, this is the role she must play—the friend in whom she is interested, only because she has saved his life.

Elizabeth's father died the second year of the war, leaving her mother and herself, it was thought, in comfortable circumstances. She had been much admired by the soldiers, and had looked upon the war as a welcome relief form the monotony of an old town life. She had gone with girls of her own age to the hospitals and had helped to nurse for a half hour or more; but until that night on the battlefield she had never realized what war meant. Her strange environment, the helplessness of the wounded man, and the great responsibility laid upon her, had appealed to her in a way she could never forget. That night was a clearly defined boundary line, over which she stepped from youth to womanhood.

She was about to leave when he awoke.

"I will bring you some 'Grand Duke Jasmine' from my garden tomorrow," she said, putting on her bonnet. "I am sure Claire has none prettier."

"You must promise to visit us in our Southern home. My mother loves flowers as much as you, and will delight in showing you her treasures."

"And will Claire be glad, also?"

"Oh, yes; she is not one bit jealous. Indeed, I sometimes wish she were."

"Jealous! What a word to use in speaking of your nurse! Thank you for telling me about her. I should like to know her."

A peculiar smile lit up his face as he replied:

"I am afraid she would not like you."

"Why?"

"Oh, I do not know. She is full of whims and fancies."

Fearing he had hurt her, he added:

"Then again she might like you exceedingly. Come to us soon, and decide it."

"Pleasant anticipation!" she laughingly replied.

"But there will be no doubt about my mother's warm welcome and love for you. You have saved her boy's life, and that means everlasting devotion on her part."

The last day had come; tomorrow he would leave early for his home in Georgia.

Gowned in a gray suit of domestic manufacture, with a "Coal-Scuttle" bonnet on her head, trimmed with gray, Elizabeth looked as if she were personating some character in a play; such a marked contrast there was between her dull gray garb, and her fair, fresh beauty. Her soft, brown eyes were filled with tears as she murmured, "The last time! What shall I do with the hours when he is not here to nurse? Can I go through the afternoon without betraying my feelings?" That is the question she repeatedly asked herself in the early morning hours, and the brave girl who sat the night through alone with the dead and the dying, became pallid with the fear of failure now. He was sitting by the window reading when he saw her coming. Throwing down his book, he arose to greet her.

"Why are you so late? My last day, too!" he said, reproachfully.

"I thought you would have friends to say good-by, and would be busy packing; but now I am here, how shall we celebrate your recovery? Can you take a short walk?"

"Here is the doctor; let us ask him."

"I think" said the surgeon, "you would better confine yourself to the front piazza. Go sit in the sunshine; it will do you more good than a walk."

"I suppose we must be grateful for that much," said she, "so I will take out the rugs and pillows, and then come back for you."

She soon arranged comfortable quarters in a sunny corner of the long piazza.

"Now," said he, stretching himself on a rug, with his head among the pillows, "let us have a good time, for it may be many a long day before we meet again."

"Perhaps never," she answered, sadly, from her low seat by him.

"Will you not promise to visit us? I know you cannot resist my mother when she writes begging you to do so."

"Not until Claire and you are married."

"My mother will be anxious to know you."

"And I should like to see her, too; but it is a long way off—your Georgia home."

"So it is if it be good-by forever," he exclaimed.

"Having brought you back to life," said she, "I should dislike very much never to see you again."

"Back to life!" he repeated, "that means, or ought to mean, to all things bright and beautiful."

"It will," she earnestly replied, "when you meet again your loved ones."

"I am not so sure of that, my little nurse, for I have been thinking a great deal lately, and not altogether of Claire, either."

"Of course not, your dear mother should occupy many of your thoughts."

"You little hypocrite!" said he, trying to push back the "Coal Scuttle" bonnet. "Do take that off your head and let me see your face."

"What pleasure could the face of a little hypocrite give you?"

"The greatest in the world. What will you do without your refractory patient?"

"Take up some other fellow and sing and read to him. Why do you frown?"

"I do not like the idea. Promise me that you will not nurse another soldier. You might do that much for me."

"I cannot make such a promise; but I am certain I shall never take more interest in another."

"I hate pity," said he, brushing away a bee that was buzzing round.

"Women are all alike. They resemble that bee buzzing about and more than likely to leave a sting."

"We are industrious, at least, and like the bee, try to get the honey of life," she replied, amused at his querulousness.

"Yes; take the honey and leave a sting."

"Do not let us quarrel," said she, "this last day."

For a few minutes he was silent, then:

"Answer me a question," said he in an excited mannner. "If there were no engagement between Claire and me, would you consent to be my wife?"

For a minute or two she was too surprised to speak.

"Tell me, dear," said he, "I am terribly in earnest. I have loved you—I know it now—since that first meeting here; but I have struggled against it. Before you came to me I made Doctor Ochiltree tell me over and over again of that night on the battlefield. I tried to recall your features, but in vain. Yet, when you walked into my room you seemed an old acquaintance—nay, more, an old friend close to my heart."

While speaking he had put his arm around her. Gently disengaging herself she said:

"I think under the circumstances, which you took such pains to inform me of your question is an impertinence. There is such a formidable 'if' in the way—it cannot even be considered."

"Then you do not love me," he said, in an injured tone.

"As my patient and friend, very much," she answered.

"Suppose I do not want you as a friend?"

"Then, I shall only be a war acquaintance."

"No!" he exclaimed, "it must be all or nothing."

"As you will, Captain Ridgeway. It will be mortifying to be a "Nothing," but, no doubt, I shall get used to it."

"You have no feeling. I leave tomorrow, and, as you say, I may never see you again; yet you can jest."

"Hampton, for this once I will call you by your name, I have saved your life, the doctors say, but I would rather, yes, a thousand times, rather see you dead than false to the girl who has promised to marry you. Be true to yourself, and win a nobler victory than ever won on battlefield."

"You advise me, then, to marry without love?"

"You do love her," said she, stamping her foot. "Because I have been with you in your weakness and contributed to your comfort for a short time, you imagine you cannot live without me. A year hence you will thank me for telling you the truth, and for not accepting your very flattering offer."

"I am doing the best I can," he muttered.

"I shall think of you very often," she continued, "and do not wish to be forgotten. Only let my memory be an incentive to good deeds."

"Will you grant me one favor?" he asked.

"What is it?"

"Remain single for three years, will you?"

"I think I can safely promise that."

"Young as you are, I have been told you have had several offers of marriage."

"But none like yourself," she could not help saying.

"It is not my fault," said he, bitterly, "it is truly my misfortune."

"Treason! I must not listen," she replied, putting her hands over her ears, then jumping up, exclaimed:

"The sun wil set in a few minutes; I must go."

But he pulled her back, and said:

"May I write to you?" in such a doleful tone she could not help laughing.

"Sometimes, but not often."

"Why didn't you let me die on the battlefield?"

She pretended not to hear him, while busying herself arranging the rugs and pillows to carry back. But when ready to start she turned to him and said:

"Do let me see you bright and pleasant before I go. Be reasonable. You cannot expect impossibilities."

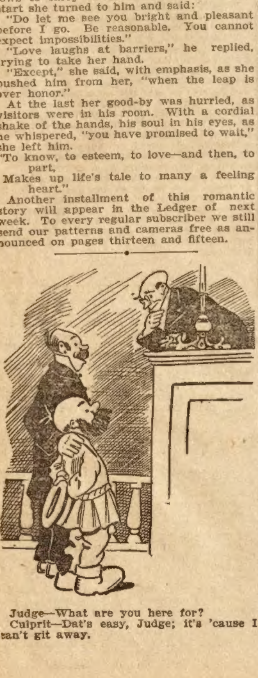
"Love laughs at barriers," he replied, trying to take her hand.

"Except," she said, with emphasis, as she pushed him from her, "when the leap is over honor."

At the last her good-by was hurried, as visitors were in his room. With a cordial shake of the hands, his soul in his eyes, as he whispered, "you have promised to wait," she left him.

"To know, to esteem, to love—and then, to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart."

Another installment of this romantic story will appear in the Ledger of next week. To every regular subscriber we still send our patterns and cameras free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.



Judge—What are you here for?

Culprit—Dat's easy, Judge; it's 'cause I can't git away.

Jack Farrar's Probation.

BY G. W. REED.

As the train stopped at Staunton, there stepped from the platform a young man, around whom collected a group of friends who welcomed him warmly to the good old State of Virginia. The newcomer was Jack Farrar, just entering his majority, and the greetings came from his uncle and two cousins, his daughters. The old man lived a few miles from the town, which was, at that time, as it is yet, the center of influence and attraction within a radius of fifty miles.

Farmer Farrar owned a plantation of several hundred acres of well-tilled ground, with comfortable buildings if not costly, and his home was the social center of professors, clergymen, lawyers and students. He was a thorough Christian man and an advocate of temperance. The nephew recently arrived was the only son of his younger brother, who had left his native State nearly thirty years before and commenced merchandising near the city of Philadelphia. He was successful in business, had married well and happily, and Jack and a girl, just entering her seventeenth year, were their offspring. A letter received by the farmer a few weeks before announced the intended visit of Jack, and the reasons for it. It ran as follows:

"Dear Brother Ben: I have decided to send Jack on a visit to your place, because I know the excellence of your home-rule, and because he will be freed from many of the temptations which surround him in our great city. Jack has a warm heart, and is most filially obedient to his mother and me, but he is unsteady, or rather unfixed in his life. He has contracted habits of drinking among his friends, which are gaining on him very fast. He is the idol of his mother and sister, and it grieves them to find him losing his self-control when surrounded by his friends, and they and I hope that a long visit to our old Virginia home, with its comparative seclusion and yet its hearty enjoyments, may steady him, and as he is yet very young, only twenty-one years old, he may, under your good advice and the examples of Sister-in-law Amy and my nieces, be strengthened to a proper sense of his responsibilities. He is a thorough clerk and business man, as I brought him up in my counting-house, and I intended to give him soon an interest in my business. I need say no more to your big, brotherly heart; take good care of him, brother, as you did of me when I was a flaxen-haired boy living among the green hills of my native State."

It need hardly be said that a warm welcome awaited his coming, and that, as the carriage rolled along the roads with its living freight, a cordiality sprang up between the cousins which bade fair to act restrainingly upon the young wanderer. The time passed cheerily, weeks ran into months, with their round of pleasant excursions through the magnificent great valley of Virginia. There was not a cave in the district, and there are many of these, which was not visited, and the drive to Weyer's Cave, just twenty miles away, was a favorite one with them all. The letters which passed between Philadelphia and Farrar's Farm were hopeful and cheerful on both sides, and Jack, removed from his tempters, and surrounded by his cherry-cheeked cousins, became deeply interested in their studies and amusements, and grew strong physically and morally. He felt the difference in his very being, and rejoiced in it. Although not innately an evildoer, he was one of that large class of young men who yield easily to improper companions and lose self-control.

Carrie and Harriet, his cousins, were, in appearance, each other's shadow, but in dispositions radically different. Both were educated, refined, well-tempered and beautiful; but the younger, Harriet, was the better poised in mind. Both climbed the hills with Jack on their picnics, both gathered wild flowers to decorate themselves, but the younger, having more taste in grouping, always arranged them more artistically. There was, about Harriet, an evident determination to understard, if possible, the real purposes of life. Both were loving girls, but the elder seemed to depend upon the judgment of the younger; and this rather unusual state of sisterly affection was not disturbed by any jealousy for the respect shown to her junior.

It was not strange that Jack, who had never known the depth of real love which could be made to well forth at the magic touch of a true woman, should be unconscious of the depth of pure affection in his heart, when thrown into the company of two such sweet girls as his cousins. Carrie seemed at once to captivate him, for he had never met a more free-hearted girl, but a longer acquaintance with them drew him toward the younger sister. He felt conscious of a new influence which came settling down upon him; his life was invested with higher aims, and he looked to her as the timid ship's crew look to the skilled pilot, to guide him safely through the troublous sea of life.

He had been thrown more into the society of worldly young men than of the opposite sex. He began to cherish for his young cousin a warmer affection that he had ever before felt. It was on a visit to Weyer Cave, one sultry afternoon, and during the solitary stroll of Carrie about the grounds, that Jack, with earnest warmth, told Harriet of his love; told her of his life; how he had been led astray by the habit of wine-drinking with boon companions; of his frequent resolves to forswear his tempters by leaving their society; of his invariable failures in this direction; that he had been sent to his uncle's home as a place of reformation where he might be relieved from temptation until he was able to stand up manfully and proclaim before his young friends that he would not again be seduced into inebriety; that he had found her his best and truest friend, the only being toward whom his heart had ever gone out with unselfish love; the only one whose simplest look was enough to calm him and make him feel that he must be a man for her sake. He prayed her to believe that he was most sincere in his declarations; that there would be a glorious, happy future for them if her hand would only consent to guide his young and still unsteady bark into the safer and calmer channels of middle age; that his father was prepared to give him a place in his mercantile firm; that he knew his mother would rejoice to see her Jack reformed for life, and walking through its pathways hand in hand with a prudent, loving wife; that his sister Mary was one of the sweetest girls alive, and would so love her that he knew their life would be long and blissful.

Harriet was not surprised at her cousin's talk; with her deep penetration she had watched Jack, and saw that he was better because it seemed to please her; that her simplest wish grew into a command with him; and she was ready to confess to herself that the six months of their acquaintance had taught her to respect and pity, if not to love, her cousin. But she was not prepared for so sudden an announcement. It was an important question which was raised for her contemplation. She had a happy home, surrounded by almost everything which could make life pleasant to her; love at home and respect abroad; she was blessed with a doting father, mother and sister. Could she leave all these, and go forth, as her uncle had many years ago, to a strange city, and form new friends and associations? Was she sure that Jack would be more than a recompense for her self-denials? These and kindred other subjects passed rapidly through her mind as she rested her head upon her hands. The ringing laughter of her sister Carrie aroused her from her fit of meditation; and to the exclamation of "Why! what have you done to her, Jack, to make her so dumpish?" she replied, "I was thinking ,or dreaming, dear sister, of something I cannot tell you of now, but may do so by and by."

Never was a man more resolved than was Jack Farrar to be permanently reformed. He had not known when he came to his uncle's, at the request of his parents, that the danger, whose existence he confessed, was as great and imminent as he now realized it to be. He had often said to his mother "that he would give up wine as soon as he found it injured him." He declared that he only drank it, and very sparingly, too, so he used the word, at social seasons; that he did not love liquor for its taste nor its effects, but simply yielded to conventional habits in taking it. He visited his uncle because, as he said, it would do him good to see the country and improve his health, and maybe it might do him some good not to mingle so much in city life. So he was in Virginia. As he found no wine waiting for him here, and no society exacting its use, he was alarmed to find that there was often a conflict with his appetite, especially at the stated times he usually indulged when at home. There was a struggle, and more of a struggle, than he dreamed of, before he could make up his mind to forego his former habits, so that he might hopefully say to his beloved cousin, "I love you;" and even then he urged his suit by the argument that she was necessary to insure him safety through life.

Such was the condition of affairs at his memorable "cave visit," and such it continued to remain for some time, though he urged his suit with all his earnestness. The decision came at last. There was a consultation among their relatives, and it was resolved that, when the visit came to an end, which would be at the expiration of a year, or within six weeks from this time, Jack should return to his home, not engaged to be married to Harriet, but with the assurance that she was heart-whole as far as other suitors were concerned. At the end of a year from his return home, if he remained firm in his new habits, and the mind of neither was changed, it was understood that he might then renew his offer and a speedy marriage should ensue.

What great events hung upon the probation of Jack Farrar!

* * * * * * * *

It was a grand party which assembled in the parlors of Lewis Belrose, the great banker, in Philadelphia, to greet the new bride and groom; for the banker's daughter was married that afternoon to young Ashton, the cousin of Jack Farrar on the maternal side. The scene of the revel was one of the old and stately mansions which may still be found in the district known as West Philadelphia. At that time the city had not encroached so largely upon the rural portion of the town, with its brick houses and solid window shutters, capped and sur-based with the ubiquitous white marble. The banker's house was a wide, deep building, erected about twenty years before. It had spacious piazzas, which encircled it; broad halls, wide stairways, deep parlors and cozy side rooms, and all within and without was made cheerful with lights which glittered on fine carpetings, costly furniture, paintings and statues scattered in the walks about it. No expense had been spared to fit up Banker Belrose's house. Belrose was a rich man. Mrs. Belrose, therefore, wore solitaires, dined from silver dishes, drank tea from real china cups and saucers which had been imported expressly for the banker from the house of Moy Yang Kee, of Hong-Kong, who had dealings with the American banker.

There was the best city band of musicians, who, early in the evening, had places assigned them on the front piazza, discoursing "sweet music in the air" for squares around the well-ordered grounds of the banker. These grounds were decorated with Chinese lanterns, imported as was the china from Moy Yang Kee, and these were pronounced by all the reporters to be superior to any ever before seen in America. The avenue was thronged with coaches bringing the "upper ten" of the city to the banker's villa, and the neighbors from far and near jostled the horses and pushed and pulled each other as they gazed upon the right joyous scene.

Dr. Pointer, a most celebrated divine, had performed the marriage ceremony, and it was therefore thoroughly orthodox, for the doctor was among the straightest of clergymen. His congregation was wealthy and supported him in fine style, and, leaving out a certain haughty air which impressed strangers upon their introduction to him, he was a really excellent pastor at heart. He was not vain—he simply felt that the pastor of such a church as his owed it to his people, to himself and to the cause he expounded, to carry himself with dignity.

Dr. Pointer preached to the Belrose and the Farrar families in particular, and was ever a welcome visitor at their houses. He had never identified himself with the temperance cause. In fact, he went so far as to assert the propriety of using wine moderately, for his Master made wine at a marriage feast in Cana as a precedent for all future weddings. Intemperance he despised as a loathsome habit unworthy of any lady or gentleman, and though he had really grieved over the weakness of the only son of his most cherished parishioners, he said in his rolling and patronizing way that "Jack would come all right in a little while, that he was merely sowing his wild oats." When he learned that Mr. Farrar had sent his son to Virginia, he agreed that it was a wise thing to do; and now that he had returned for months and was behaving properly, filling his seat in the stately church, he was convinced that all Jack needed was, as he said, "a little time to come all right."

The doctor had gone away shortly after the ceremony at the banker's house to marry another couple, not so rich as the banker's daughter, and promised to return soon and enjoy the festivities of the evening.

The music swelled forth most harmoniously; nimble feet tripped lightly in the dance; gay dresses were everywhere in a whirl, and bright eyes and rosy cheeks added enchantment to the scene.

A party of young men had gathered in one of the cozy upper rooms. They had done the honors of the evening to their charming partners in the flowing round dances below stairs, and had come up to cool off. Jack Farrar was there with them. He enjoyed dancing, and this was the first evening party he had attended for nearly two years. He had been schooling himself up to a moral strength which would enable him to enjoy once more the festivities of life without yielding to the Circean vice of his former appetite. Again and again he declined to touch the wine cup, though his friends had urged him and laughed at him. He remained true to his resolve. An idea seized him once that he ought to have the manhood to take a single glass of wine on the occasion of his cousin's wedding and to resist any more importunities. He had not signed any pledge of abstinence, and surely he was not so babyish as to be beaten back again into his former wild habits. Then came the remembrance of his dear Cousin Harriet in her Virginia home. He had corresponded with her regularly, and every time he got a letter from her he felt stronger in his persistence. Besides, the year, as she chose to designate it, of his probation was nearly passed, and he looked forward with inexpressible impatience to the fulfillment of his hopes of a union with her.

In the interview with his father and sister, when the invitation to attend the marriage had been received, he suggested that it might be better for him not to venture into such gay scenes; but the fond mother, deeming him strong enough to resist any importunity, insisted upon his attendance. So did his sister. So did his father. And he was here in the upper rooms of the great banker's house, among the young men, when the stately tread of Dr. Pointer was heard upon the stairs. He had hurried away from the wedding of his poor parishioners, because Mr. Belrose was a rich officer in his stately church; and his fine figure and patronizing face soon came beaming into the room. He shook hands with the "young of his fold.'"

One of his young fold suggested to the doctor that he should honor the occasion by taking a glass of wine. Of course he did not refuse, for his Saviour had made wine at a wedding, and he did not wish to disparage his Master's example.

Walking with slow and solemn tread to the side-table, whereon the decanters were displayed, he permitted a glass to be only half filled with the liquor; the doctor was a very moderate drinker, and with almost angelic unction he drained it, and, edging his way through the crowd of young men, he wished them "god-speed," and disappeared among the guests in the parlors and halls.

The temptation to drink was again urged upon Jack Farrar, for his companions said it could not be wrong to do what the good minister had done. Jack reasoned in vain this time. He could do no less than imitate his pastor's example. Surely as little wine as he had seen the doctor sip could not hurt him, who was so much his junior.

* * * * * * * *

What noise is this which comes from the little wine room?

There were loud and boisterous laughter, rude jests, angry remonstrances, and blows struck, and a general rush made for the stairs. Then they brought down, as best they could, a furious, drunken young man who seemed to resist every attempt to control him.

His face was heated and blood-red, his eyes shot forth maniacal fires, his drunken voice yelled terrifically one of the drinking songs of the day, and he was struggling with everybody and everything.

Poor Jack Farrar had followed his minister's example; his latent appetite sprang upon him as a tiger springs upon his prey, and he had grown frantic. It was with almost broken hearts his parents and sister held him tight in their carriage and drove him to the house, which it would have been far better to have found burned to ashes than standing to receive the wild son.

* * * * * * * *

Dr. Pointer should have selected for his text the last clause of the ninth verse of the fourth chapter of Genesis: "Am I my brother's keeper?" The occasion was the burial of Jack Farrar; and just twelve months, to a day, from the time he had promised Harriet in her Virginia home that he would forever refrain from drinking. He did not recover from this carouse. Delirium intervened, and Jack lay helpless upon his uneasy bed, calling in vain upon parents and Harriet to raise him.

Harriet had been sent for to try her curative powers, and she was there by his bedside, but it was all of no avail; and now his minister was burying him with high-sounding words. The stately church was draped in mourning, pillars and pulpit were made lugubrious with mourning festoons; front pews were filled with mourners, and in the end of one nearest to the head of the casket where rested all that was mortal of poor Jack, sat an almost broken-hearted girl. There was a profusion of rich flowers, solemn notes rang through the nave as the choir chanted a requiem song, but all that Harriet heard, all that she gathered from the lips of the minister was: "I am not my brother's keeper."

The burial was town talk for full ten days. An elaborately chiseled monument covered his grave, which occupies a most romantic corner of Laurel Hill Cemetery. On many sunshiny days, Harriet, who now lives with her uncle, sits musing there by his grave and gazing far away along the Schuylkill to its ocean home, she seems to hear an echo from its sad sea waves—"My brother's keeper."

A BLUE RIDGE FEUD;

OR, A MOUNTAIN GIRL'S LOVE.

By FRANK T. MANN, author of "The Witch of Cavilhao," "A Balked Revenge," Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE DUEL.

In another instant all would have been over with Warden Deane, but before the murderous impulse in Bill White's heart could be put into execution a light form sprang before the threatening muzzle and the barrel was grasped and turned aside.

"What would you do, Bill White, you coward! Shorely, you wouldn't shoot this man down in cold blood without givin' him a chance for his life? Put up your weapon, an' if you must fight, give him a show, at least."

It was Dorothy Yates who spoke and her words had the effect she intended.

To be called a coward and by the woman he loved in his own brutal way, when the epithet was so plainly deserved, was more than even his effrontery could withstand, and the dangerous muzzle was lowered just in the nick of time.

"Well, you ar' askin' a good deal, Miss Dorry, I must say, an' I fear that what I'm doin' will not meet with the approval uv yer dad an' the rest uv the gang; but I'll hev' yer to understand that I'm not afeard t' fight yer gallant friend," he said, with a sneer, and then turned to Warden with a scowl of indescribable malice on his countenance:

"If ye feel that ye ar' achin' ter try yer hand at a life an' death game with so 'umble a personage as me, I feel disposed t' grant ye that privilege espeshully as the young lady here seems t' wish it," he added, with a leer and a bow which was intended to be complimentary to the latter.

Warden Deane hesitated a moment before replying. He knew that the man before him was utterly implacable and that if he met him in open encounter it must be a fight to the death. But there was no alternative. It was a case of kill or be killed, and it was better to make an honorable fight for his life than to be shot down like a dog, which fate would most certainly have been his already had his enemy had his own way.

All this passed through his mind in an instant and then he spoke:

"I have tried all along to keep out of this trouble, as you very well know, Bill White, notwithstanding your lies to the contrary, but as that appears to be an impossibility, I am ready to fight you."

Hardly had he spoken when the sound of horses' feet fell upon his ear, and the next moment a number of horsemen rode into view around a turn in the stony road.

White started violently and his companion turned as if to spring into the bushes by the roadside.

Before either could act, however, they were reassured by the voice of Hiram Yates:

"Is that you, Bill?" and ere the latter could reply, "Hev' ye seen anything of the red-handed cutthroat we are after. It seems that he has escaped our rightyus vengeance fur the present, but sooner er later he'll answer fur the murder of Si Yates. Hello! Who hev' we here?"

"Your own daughter, father," answered Dorothy, trying to smother the deadly fear that clutched at her heart.

"An' what are ye doin' here, gal, at this time o' night?"

Before she could answer his eyes fell upon Warden Deane.

"Ha!" he shouted, and his fingers flew to the hammer of the rifle that lay across the pommel of his saddle; "hev' ye come across the cussid sneak? Hev' ye got him shore enough? Stan' aside, men, that I may avenge the murder uv my nevvew. Stan' aside!" he shouted, as the two men stood sullenly between him and his intended victim, and the girl threw herself in front of the murderous gun that threatened her lover's life. "Er by the eternal I'll shoot daylight through the hull batch uv ye."

"Hold yer hand, Hiram Yates," said White's companion, who now realized that it was time to speak ere the old man put his threat into execution.

"Hold yer hand. This is our pris'ner an' we've promised the gal here t' give 'im a chance fer his life."

"Promised the h—l!" shouted the old man. "What fur be ye so merciful all at once? Did he make any promises, er show any mercy when he shot down Silas Yates?"

"Well, our promise is giv' an' we can't go back on't," growled White, who had maintained a sullen silence up to this time. "But ye needn't raise sich a row about it. He is to fight me an' I mean fur it ter be a fight ter the finish. It's me er him, an' if he gits me, then he has you fellers t' deal with, an' thar ain't much show fur the skunk, after all."

This arrangement in a measure mollified the old man and the more rabid of his followers who enjoyed nothing more than just such a spectacle as it promised them, and preparations were made for the coming duel with a zest that spoke ill for the popularity of William White among his clansmen.

Indeed, had they but spoken the truth, there was but little concern for his welfare animating their hearts as they made ready for the trial. Every one knew White and knew the baseness of his nature; and though they were rough men of the mountains almost untouched by the influences of civilization, they loved honesty and virtue in their rude way and all realized that his character exhibited little of either.

If White were killed, then there was nothing in the way of their vengeance upon young Deane, and if he escaped unhurt while the latter fell, there was an end of the matter. So, perhaps, there was but one present who felt an active interest in the fate of either of the participants.

That was Dorothy Yates. With a heart quivering with suppressed emotion, she watched the brief preparations for the conflict, powerless to prevent the tragedy she knew must occur—powerless, yet praying with all her heart that her lover might come out unscathed.

At a point a hundred yards down the valley from where young Deane had fallen into the hands of his enemies, the paw-paw bushes had failed to find nourishment in the scant soil sufficient to provide for their growth, leaving an open, stone-covered glade of probably a quarter of an acre in extent.

This was selected as the duelling ground and after the distance had been paced off by one of the men, a tall, long mountaineer, clad in blue jeans and wearing a scowl, the two men were led to their places.

In this arrangement Deane was placed near the lower end of the glade and furthest away from the little knot of scowling spectators, who stood, weapons in hand, ready to pour their leaden contents into his body should he come out victorious over his adversary.

Dorothy's anxious eye was quick to note this circumstance, and as the man turned away she sprang to her lover's side and whispered a few hurried words in his ear.

The two men stood ten paces apart facing one another. Each had been allowed to retain his own revolver which had been carefully and impartially loaded in full view of both principals, and at a given signal they were to fire and continue firing until one or both fell.

The man who had superintended the arrangements thus far now took a position to one side of the participants.

"Now, when I count three yer may fire," he drawled and slowly began:

"One—two—three!"

Bang! bang!

Two pistol shots rang out on the still night air, and two puffs of smoke floated slowly upward in the pale moonshine.

For an instant the spectators remained in uncertainty as to the result. Both men stood stock still gazing at each other, and neither made an effort to fire again.

Then Bill White began to raise his weapon but it was in a slow, uncertain way. For a single instant it pointed directly toward his adversary's breast and he essayed to pull the trigger, but only a spasmodic jerk answered to the effort, and the next moment the hand that held it flew convulsively above his head.

There the weapon was discharged, but the bullet sped harmlessly away over the tops of the paw-paw bushes and buried itself in the breast of the adjacent mountain. White's head fell forward on his breast, and after a last effort to recover his balance he sank in a heap upon the stones of the glade.

No sooner did the onlookers realize that their champion was shot than their fury burned anew. Not for any love they had for him, however, but he, one of "they uns," had been killed by a Baker, and the thought was maddening.

A dozen hands sought as many triggers and a dozen barrels gleamed in the moonlight.

"Shoot the sarpint, give his onery karkas to the buzzards!" cried Hiram Yates, bringing his rifle to a level with his eyes and clasping the trigger eagerly. The next moment the gleam of eager hatred in his eyes was replaced by a stare of blank astonishment. Warden Deane had disappeared!

He had acted upon his sweetheart's hint and in the few seconds when the attention of his foes was concentrated upon what he and they believed to be the death struggles of his adversary, he had leaped into the paw-paw bushes and made a dash for the moutains.

"Go in pursuit, men!" shouted Hiram Yates. "Don't let the cussid wretch git away," and, himself setting the example, the entire party was soon scouring the woods in search of their escaped prisoner.

CHAPTER V.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

The feudists who went in search of Warden Deane straggled in, one by one, at intervals from midnight until after sunrise next morning.

Though every path and by-path that led to the Baker settlement had been closely watched, nothing had been seen of the fugitive since his escape.

Hiram Yates had cursed until he was hoarse, and now resigned himself to listening to the reports of the stragglers as they came in. Only one of those who had gone out failed to return. His body was found in the mountains several miles distant from the scene of the duel with a bullet through the heart. While "Long" Tom Yancey, who had come upon the body lying in the path, was examining it, he was startled by the reports of two rifles on another ridge, and the "ping, ping" of their bullets at his feet.

It was clear that the Bakers were up in arms and Hiram Yates knew that he had no time to lose. In a mountain feud where blood is heated to the boiling point on both sides and life itself is dependent upon prompt action, minutes count lives and the old man realized it.

Two men killed outright and another lying terribly wounded was the record for the forty-eight hours preceding, and Hiram Yates' eyes flashed fire as he spoke to his assembled followers:

"Men, we must do somethin' t' turn the tide of blood. Two days since the cowardly rascals recommended th'r tricks of murderin' which hev' come t' them by inheritance. Two days, I say an' look what they've done. Over yonder on the Newberne road surrounded by th' graves of a score of his kindred who hev' fell by th' same han's, lays the body of Silas Yates welterin' in his blood, his wife an' children weepin' an' sufferin' at home fer want of their nat'ral pertector. Down yander near th' Tig Creek ford whar ye see th' blue smoke curlin' over th' hills, is th' cabin of Amos Higgins. Inside, instid of the happy fam'ly which sh'ud even now be settin' down to th'r breakfust, a few of our neighbors are washin' th' blood from a ragged bullet hole an' preparin' his body fur burial. In another home not fur away lays Bill White, shot through the body an' desperately wounded."

Here the old man paused to note the effect of his words upon his hearers and then continued, his voice wrought up to the explosive point:

"This is their work; this is what they've done, an' what hev' we uns done to them. Not a Baker ha'r has bin teched. Shall we b'ar these wrongs as we are doin', or shall we fight like men? I, fer one, say, let us hev' blood, an' hev' it now!"

Here the old man brought his clenched fist down upon the open palm of his left hand with a resounding whack.

His words had the effect of stirring up anew the bitter animosity of his hearers as he had intended they should, and preparations were begun at once for an attack upon their enemies. This time it was agreed to go about their work systematically, and to never leave off until a total extinction of their enemies had been accomplished, or, as Hiram Yates put it, "ontil not a Yates was left ter pull a trigger."

First a messenger was dispatched to Newberne, the nearest town, to purchase arms and ammunition to supply those who were not already in possession of these indispensables; and then a courier was sent on horseback to summon every member of the faction within reach to meet at Hiram Yates' cabin that evening, armed and equipped for battle.

The messenger was instructed to notify the feudists that they were not to assemble until after nightfall, and everything was to be conducted with the utmost secrecy. The attack was to be made late that night, and in the meantime every possible precaution was to be taken to avoid giving their enemies the slightest intimation of their intentions.

With a view to further veil their purpose every man went about his usual vocation for the day seemingly as earnestly and with as much zeal as if nothing had happened in the past twenty-four hours to disturb the equanimity of the neighborhood.

"Long Tom," as Tom Yancey was popularly known, on account of the longitudinal greatness of his stature, might have been seen plying his trade—he was a carpenter and cabinet-maker—as vigorously as if two eager bullets had not whirred ominously near in eager quest of his life not three hours before.

Even Hiram Yates was at his plow and a passer-by could have seen nothing in his manner, nor detected anything in his tones as he spoke to the old black horse to indicate the volcano that burned within his breast. Nothing, unless he had caught a flash of the gray eyes, or noted the long-barreled rifle that, hidden by a clump of bushes, leaned against the rail fence at the end of the row.

A peep behind the poplar cupboard "Long Tom" had just completed for Lucy Hudson, old Jake Hudson's wife, who lived down on Tug Bottom, would have revealed the black muzzle of a similar weapon leaning against the wall, while on the floor by its side lay a leathern belt filled with cartridges, their rims new and shining.

A further investigation would have discovered these same evidences of a bellicose design in close proximity to all these quiet men, apparently so absorbed in their daily callings.

Nor was this all. Scouts had been posted on all the principal roads and mountain passes, as well as on Dividing Ridge, the line of territorial separation between the factions, to spy upon the enemy, and report any suspicious circumstance.

Once when Hiram Yates stood leaning on the plow handles at the end of the row, lost in thought, a twig snapped in the woods across the fence. With a look like a hunted animal the old man sprang toward his gun. But his alarm was groundless. It was but a squirrel or a bird and he heard it scamper away through the leaves.

Soon after nightfall parties of two and three began to arrive at the Yates cabin. They came noiselessly and when they spoke it was in an undertone. Some of the men carried rifles and wore belts well filled with cartridges, while others came empty-handed.

There was something weird and ominous in the mien of these roughly clad and rough featured men as they entered the cabin or stood conversing together in little groups in the dooryard. Something that bespoke a fixedness of purpose and a fierce determination not to be turned aside by any common obstacle.

Presently one of the scouts arrived. He reported that he had been within sight of Elias Baker's home all day and that nothing of an unusual nature had transpired there.

"Shorely," said Hiram Yates, "they uns are not expectin' trouble, er old 'Lias would a be'n a hustlin'."

Instead of this the old man had been seen working quietly in the vicinity of his cabin all day. Only once had he had a visitor and then the man—who he was the spy could not ascertain—remained with him but a short time and then hurried away.

By the time the stars were shining all the scouts had arrived. One by one their reports were listened to with a gravity witnessed only in cases where life and death are involved; and without exception they all coincided with the first. Since the early forenoon when "Long Tom" had been fired upon, nothing had been seen to indicate that the Bakers were on their guard. Indeed, there seemed an undue quietude on their part, which, as Hiram Yates said, "Was a leetle suspicious."

"It is the manner uv certain snakes," said he, "to lay quiet an' tole ye in reach an' then sock the'r pizen inter ye afore ye know it."

Whether the Bakers mean to "sock their pizen" into him and his adherents the sequel will show.

During all this time Dorothy had gone about her simple duties with a heart that fluttered like that of a wounded bird. She had feared that the coming of every clansman might bring the news of her lover's death, or what was as bad, his capture. But when the last of the scouts had returned without the fateful information her spirits revived and she was even able to set the supper she had prepared for her father and his guests before them with some degree of resignation, if not of hospitality.

It was a scene at once weird and picturesque. Around the table steaming with plain but palatable food sat a dozen men, rough, bearded fellows, clad in plain homespun, some of them wearing broad belts filled with cartridges, and some without these latter accessories. Seated on the great square beds that occupied two corners of the room and on chairs in front of the open fireplace were half a score of others of all ages, from the youth whose chin was just putting forth the first feeble sprouts of manhood's insignia, to the grizzled septuagenian who had survived the battles of the earlier outbreaks, and now, like an aged warhorse, waited impatiently to take a part in this.

About the room their weapons lay scattered promiscuously, their polished barrels reflecting dully the flickering blaze of the pine knots burning in the fireplace.

"I wonder what's keepin' 'Lige Mellen," Hiram Yates said, as he finished his coffee and pushed his chair from the table. "He should a bin back frum Newberne an hour ago. We're ready t' start now if we had them guns an' am'nition an' the rest of th' boys 'd eat a bit. Dorothy, step t' th' door an' look out fer him."

Dorothy did as she was commanded. As she opened the door the sound of rapid hoofbeats fell upon the ears of those within, and the next moment a riderless horse dashed into view.

Hiram Yates and two others rushed into the road and intercepted the fleeing animal.

"It's 'Lige Mellen's horse, shore as fate," exclaimed the former, as he brought the horse to a standstill.

"'Lige Mellen's hoss, so it is," added another, "but where's 'Lige, an' where's the guns an' ca'tridges we need so bad?"

"There's one thing shore," chimed in another, "we don't want to make no raid on the Bakers tonight nor no other time, onless we've plenty uv weepins."

"Nothin' could 'a' happened to 'Lige, d'ye s'pose?" asked Alex Wilson, who by this time had joined the group.

"Somethin' could 'a' happened," replied "Long Tom," who had been examining the saddle of the missing man critically. "An' what's more, somethin' has happened. Look at these here spots on his saddle." As he spoke he drew away his hand and held it up in the moonlight. On it was a dark splotch.

"It ar' blood," he said, slowly. "'Lige Mellen will never git here, an' our guns an' am'nition ar' in the han's of the Bakers."

CHAPTER V

TREACHERY REQUITED.

"Long Tom's" words were true. There was no use denying it, and even old Hiram in the intervals between his fits of raging and calling down the judgment of Heaven upon his enemies, was constrained to acknowledge that they had outwitted him.

"Someway or somehow they've got wind that 'Lige had gone an' what he'd gone fur an' they've waylaid him in the mountains somewhere between here an' Newberne an' shot him frum ambush, the cowardly devils!"

Hiram soon realized, however, that his ravings were impotent, and he, with the others, began to consider what was to be done.

"We'pons or no we'pons, I fer one mean ter fight," said he. "My mind was fully made up afore, an' this last killin' only makes my determination stronger. Men, all who want ter avenge our murdered kin an' do it now, let 'em come with me!" and the old man, suiting the action to the word, reentered the cabin and appeared in a moment with his rifle across his shoulder and his belt filled with cartridges about his waist.

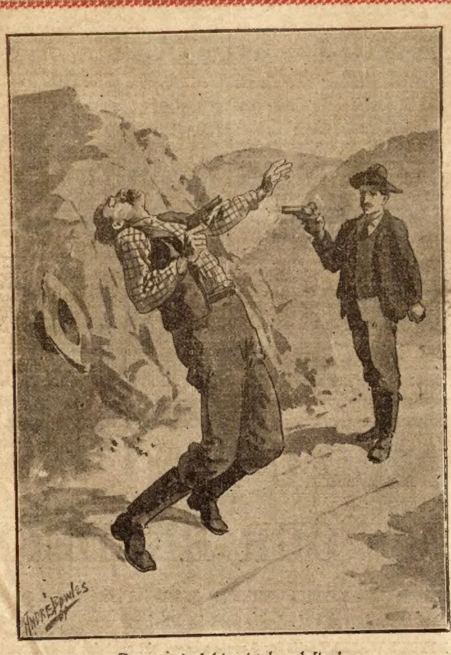
A dozen men stepped forward promptly, armed and equipped for the expedition, and silently took their places behind their leader who was already striding briskly down the road in the direction of Booth's Mill and the Baker "settlement." Two or three more hung their heads and hesitated for a moment and then followed in the rear. The remainder, who were without weapons, gathered in a knot about the little front gate and stood there talking in a low tone until the roar of the shallow river running over its pebbly bottom had drowned the sound of their friends' retreating footsteps, then they silently dispersed and wended their respective ways homeward.

There was nothing compulsory in this mountain regime. Each man was left to choose for himself whether he would take part; but it was invariably presumed that a man who was in the least related to either of the contending families was enlisted on the side of his kinsfolk, and he was treated accordingly by the opposing faction.

So it was not with a desire to avoid the coming conflict that those remained behind. They were not equipped and the mishap, whatever it was, that had befallen their messenger, was solely responsible for their inactivity.

Across the river and up the long, lonely road, now a pale white under the glimmering moon, Hiram Yates and his companions held on their way. Dorothy, standing in the cabin door, gazed after the dark speck which appeared at intervals moving steadily along the pale ribbon of white with wildly conflicting emotions. Once before she had watched her father start in quest of her lover's life. That time he had failed, and he—stern, unforgiving old man that he was, yet her father just the some—had returned to her alive.

This time she felt that it would not be so. Either he would not come back or he would come with his hands imbrued in her lover's blood.



Deane raised his pistol and fired.

Which would it be?

She asked herself the question over and over until the very words were seared on her overwrought brain; but the soughing of the summer wind through the trees outside was the only response that reached her ears, and the girl closed the door and throwing herself upon the bed with a wail of despair cried herself into a troubled sleep.

Meanwhile, what had become of Warden Deane?

On the night before when he stood facing the weapon of one of his foes and within easy range of a dozen more, he realized that his chances for life were small, indeed. The thought of attempting to escape by flight had not entered his mind until his sweetheart whispered it into his ear. Then with the lightning-like rapidity of thought common to men in dire straits, he took in his surroundings. The nearness of the thick fringe of underbrush that surrounded the clearing and its denseness offering an immediate screen from the bullets of his enemies, invited the attempt. He made it and despite the bullets fired at random into the thicket, was successful, as narrated in a preceding chapter.

By exercising the utmost vigilance he was able to keep out of reach of his pursuers until day was dawning. Then flattering himself that they had given over the pursuit, he entered a narrow but easy path that wound around the mountainside and was pushing boldly forward, when on making a turn he came suddenly upon a man going in the opposite direction.

He knew him at once. It was Amos Higgins, one of his most bitter and uncompromising foes. The other saw him and recognized him at the same time. His eyes flashed with exultant malice and quick as thought the rifle left his shoulder and our hero heard the metallic click of its hammer once.

But quick as was his enemy, Warden Deane was quicker. With the agility of a panther he sprang upon his antagonist, grasped the barrel of his Winchester and pushed it aside with one hand, and thrust a cocked revolver in his face with the other.

"Not so fast, my friend, if you please," he said, calmly. "I have not saved my life from your bloodthirsty gang once tonight to lay it down now without a protest. Move a muscle and I'll blow out your brains!"

Warden Deane's blood was up. It was not of his own volition that he had become a participant in the bitter struggle. He had been driven into it and the fact maddened him. Before he had been driven to fight he could almost have sacrificed his own life rather than take that of another. Now he did not care. He had, as he thought, slain one man, and a fierce joy swept through his breast at the thought of another victim.

His enemy saw the light in his eyes and trembled. Though he was no coward, life was sweet to him and he dreaded to lose it.

"Ward Deane!" he said, and the look and tone of ferocity gave place to one of wheedling obsequiousness, "ye've got the drop on me, and I'm not fool enough ter deny it, but thar's no use pushin' matters any furder. You go your way an' I'll go mine."

"Will ye do it?" asked our hero, his voice and manner implying the distrust he felt.

"Yes."

"Then give me your weapons. I can't trust one of you with my life again."

Reluctantly the other relinquished his hold of the rifle. Warden Deane grasped its muzzle with one hand, gave it a whirl about his head, and the next moment sent it spinning and crashing through the treetops down the mountainside.

"I don't see no need o' that," growled Higgins, who had watched the aerial flight of his beloved weapon to destruction, with a wry countenance. "Ye mout a hed the gun, but thar's no need a ruinin' it. Good shootin' rifles is scarce an' that was as good a one as ever was made o' wood an' iron."

Without stopping to discuss the former merits of the now useless weapon, young Deane turned to go. He had made perhaps a dozen steps when the sharp report of a revolver rang out close in his rear and a bullet sped past his head, clipping in its course a lock of hair from the mass that protruded from beneath the brim of his slouch hat.

Whirling and snatching his revolver from his pocket at the same time he faced Amos Higgins, who had silently crept up behind him and fired, and was now aiming the smoking weapon at him again, this time with more care.

Quick as thought Deane raised his pistol and fired.

The look of gloating malice in the would-be murderer's eyes changed to one of blank astonishment and that to a gray settled expression of nameless terror. The hand which held the revolver dropped to his side, the other clutched wildly at his heart and he slowly sank down in his tracks—dead.

Dearly had he paid his treachery.

With a single look at the quivering mass, Warden Deane hurried onward, a sickening at his heart that he could not shake off.

"This is terrible!" he groaned, "an' yet it is not my work. They drive me to it an' they must put up with the consequences."

At the thought he clenched his fists and the strong jaws set themselves together like bars of steel.

Another installment of this extremely interesting story will appear in next week's Ledger. Read our announcement of free cameras and patterns on pages thirteen and fifteen.

THE BIRTHDAY BALL.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"A ball, Berenice? My dear child, you forget that a ball involves expense, and just now I haven't a dollar to spare!"

The young wife shrugged her white shoulders, and put up her ripe, red lips in a childish pout.

"Of course not; you've never a dollar to spare, Howard, when I ask for anything," she retorted, pettishly. "I can't see why you need be so saving and stingy! It's just because you love your money better than you love me—that's it—and it's cruel of you, Howard. I never was used to such treatment," the pouting lips beginning to quiver, and the lovely eyes brimming with tears. "Papa always let me have my own way, and he was right; I should have married old Mr. Dunbar, who had no end of money, and would not have minded spending it. That's what papa wanted me to do, and I wish to goodness I had!"

"Berenice!"

But she would not look at his hurt, reproachful face.

"I do, Howard," she went on, childishly. "I'm sick of this mean skimping and saving. All the decent families in town give one ball at least. There's Lydia Mortimer—why, her husband hasn't half your salary, and what a ball she gave, and talks of another! And I can't have one, and on my birthday, too!"

"Yes, you shall. You shall have one, Berenice, no matter what the cost may be. There, don't fret any more, that's a good child."

Berenice looked up with surprise and delight. Her husband's face was quite white, and his kind eyes very grave, but she took no notice. She only flew at him and wound her pretty arms around his neck and kissed him over and over, in her childish, impetuous fashion.

"Do you mean it, darling?" she cried, "Yes; I know you do! You are good, and you do love me; and I was mean to say what I did. I didn't mean one word of it, and I wouldn't be old Dunbar's wife for the whole world!"

Her husband kissed her in a grave, tender way, and told her he was glad to see her so happy.

So the preparations for the birthnight ball went on, and the invitation cards were issued.

"We must have champagne, dear, and ices, and all that sort of thing; I've sent the order to Vivant; mamma helped me to make it out, and Vivant understands it all to perfection."

The young husband sighed heavily, but he only said:

"Have it your own way, Berenice."

"And my dress, love," continued the pretty wife; "I forgot to mention it. Oh, dear, there's no describing it. We found it down at Dubant's, mamma and I, a perfect gem, just imported; palest Undine green, and such exquisite lace! Mamma says it will be the loveliest dress of the season, and only five hundred, too; cheap as dirt, they told us."

The husband answered, gravely:

"Very well, Berry."

"Such a dear old love as you are, and I to call you miserly the other day," his enchantress went on, her white arm clasping him, her soft cheek on his shoulder; "but you are not a bit stingy. And I know, darling, I know you'll let me have something else that I've set my silly heart on. I want you to give them to me for my birthday gift."

"What are they, Berenice?"

"Emeralds, dear—an entire set—and such beauties! Mamma says my dress won't be anything without them. I thought—I was so sure, dearest—that you wouldn't deny me, I ventured to bring them home. Here they are. Only look, Howard!"

"But, Berry, they must have cost a pretty large sum," he says, looking down at the green stones on their bed of crimson.

She flushes high and tosses her blonde curls.

"Why, yes, of course, they do. I should not want them so much if they were common. But I can return them. Dubois will take them back readily enough; only"—with a little sob—"I had set my heart on having them, and I was sure you would like to give them to me for my birthday gift."

"So I do—so I will. Keep your emeralds, and all the rest of your pretty things, and enjoy them while you may, poor little Berry."

And he rises up with a smothered groan and strides out of the room.

But Berenice keeps her emeralds, and the ball comes off, and is a grand success. She wears her Undine green, and is by far the best-dressed and the loveliest woman present.

Her husband looks on well pleased. He is very fond and very proud of his young wife; but he drinks champagne till his eyes glow with a strange fire, and his step is unsteady.

The day following he bids Berenice good-by and goes to his office as usual, but at the dinner hour he does not appear. Night comes and Berenice, growing uneasy, sends a messenger out to inquire into the cause of his delay.

A note from the senior member of the firm is her answer—a short, sharp note, which tells her in plain terms of her husband's ruin.

He has embezzled funds to a large amount. His fraud has been discovered, and the officers of the law are after him.

Berenice reads this terrible note, a new light suddenly breaking in upon her. She rises to her feet with a shrill cry.

"It is my work; I drove him to his ruin," she wailed out.

Then, in breathless haste, she gathers together her treasures, gossamer robes, costly laces, blinking jewels, and, laden with them, she goes out into the night.

She makes her way to the house of the head of the firm, and goes into his library. Then and there she goes down on her knees, and uplifts her tear-stained face.

"Here they are, the gewgaws for which he sold his honor! I made him do it; the work is all mine! Oh, for Heaven's sake, take them back, and forgive this, his first transgression!"

The old merchant is a man of iron; but on her knees, groveling at his feet, this lovely, repentant woman pleads until he relents. She goes forth at last, with her husband's pardon sealed and signed.

She finds him in his office, like a wild beast held at bay; the door broken in, the officers of the law surrounding him. He confronts them, a desperate man, his eyes wild and bloodshot, a loaded revolver in his right hand.

Berenice rushes in, her golden hair flying about her repentant face. He sees her, and a bitter laugh breaks from his lips.

He turns the fatal muzzle to his heart, and fires! But her swift arm dashes the weapon aside ere the deadly bullet does its work. She saves him, at the last instant, but the ball meant for his heart shatters her white arm.

She does not heed the pain. All wounded and bleeding, she clasps him, and holds him close to her woman's heart, a heart fond and true, though frivolous and vain.

"It is well," she murmurs, a smile parting her whitening lips, "the work was mine, so be the pain and punishment. Oh, husband, love, forgive me! I have obtained pardon for you—your one sin. The sin committed at your wife's tempting is canceled, forgiven. Now, on my knees, I beg you, darling, to forgive poor me! I have been so vain, so cruel, so selfish and heartless. But, Howard, the end is here! I have had my lesson!"

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured, his voice hoarse with emotion; and he stoops and kisses her white lips as she swoons in his arms.

But she revives again, and on the morrow they begin their new life together.

Made the Same Mistake.

Odd things sometimes happen in the confines of the asylums for demented people. It is said of a well-known New York society man that he was persuaded not long ago to join a charity dance given to benefit an asylum where only the very mildly insane are kept—people with idiosyncracies, women who bore their husbands or men who fancy they are King Edward or millionaires. The dance was held in the parlors of the asylum and some of the mildest patients were permitted to mingle with the guests.

In the midst of a group of patients the gay New Yorker spied the prettiest girl he had seen in years. There was something so sweet and appealing in her big brown eyes that his heart went out in pity to her. Men's hearts, as you may have observed, always do go out to a pretty face. It struck him that it was a terrible thing to see so young and beautiful a girl incarcerated there, perhaps for some slight offense (the offense is always "slight," if you wear your hair fluffy and have a good nose) so he determined to give her one good time of it that evening and even at the risk of being denounced to flirt with her desperately, shamelessly. He succeeded so admirably in making the girl enjoy herself that he felt a qualm of conscience when he kissed her behind a palm and promised he should see her again—"every day."

Next morning this qualm was succeeded by a feeling of horror as he came downstairs in his hotel to find that the girl, in her hat and coat, was evidently waiting for him. He was so shocked that he tried to dodge around the corner into another parlor, when the girl gave a little scream and he saw her jump and run like mad in the opposite direction. Then it occurred to him that he ought to be chivalrous, that the poor little thing probably was lost and it was his duty to lure her back to the asylum and leave her in safe keeping. So he followed her. But fast as he would approach one room in which she was ensconced she would jump up quickly and dodge into another. It occurred to him that this was probably her particular form of insanity, and so he kept on following cautiously, all the while calling to her gently, and she kept on dodging around the corners and into other apartments of the large hotel. At last, with a faint cry, she ran straight for the elevator and he nearly caught her at the door.

"Oh, go away!" she moaned, "go away!" Then the door closed against him and the elevator whizzed upstairs with her in it.

"Look here, boy," he said to the elevator boy when the car returned. "Go find that young woman. She belongs in an insane asylum, and you must help me get her back."

"Insane asylum nuttin'!" remarked the elevator god, nonchalantly. "Dat's Miss Wilson. Been livin' heah for a week. An' she t'ought you was daffy and was chasin' 'er. She said you belonged in de asylum and ought to be took back. But I tole her who you was."

And then the gay New Yorker ordered a whisky straight.

Language Was Not Needed.

"I don't see how the Count could propose to you when he can't talk any English and you don't speak French."

"Oh, it was very easy. We were sitting in the parlor. Pointing up at an oil painting of papa, the Count took out a piece of paper and a pencil. Then he set down a dollar mark, and after it placed a figure 1. Looking at me out of his big, deep, eloquent, lovely eyes, he began making ciphers after the dollar mark and the figure 1. When he had made four ciphers, which with the other figures meant $10,000, he stopped. I nodded my head for him to go on. Then he made another cipher. That meant $100,000. I nodded my head again. He made another, which raised it to $1,000,000. I nodded for him to go ahead. He put down another cipher, making it $10,000,000. Then I smiled and took the pencil from him, and he caught me in his arms, and—and, ah, it was so lovely! It almost seems like a dream to think that in three weeks I shall be a real Countess."

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Any man who speaks nothing but the truth is never garrulous.

The chronic kicker isn't even satisfied with his lot in the cemetery.

When a wise man wants to call his wife down he calls her up by telephone.

The less a man knows the easier it is to convince him that he knows it all.

It is easier to get married than divorced. That is the reason why there are more marriages.

Have you ever remarked how comfortable a skeleton appears during a heated spell?

It is strange how hot the admonition to keep cool makes the average citizen on a hot day.

Great Britain need not think its troubles are over in South Africa. General Dewet has gone into politics.

The energy wasted in useless kicking would operate all our large factories and still leave a little to spare.

The man who growls around the whole blessed time ought to be made to wear a dog tag and pay license, too.

All brides should be prohibited by law from baking biscuits until at least one year after the marriage ceremony.

The politest man on record is the one who said, "I beg your pardon for jarring you," as he was killed by a reckless chauffeur.

The swishing sound heard in the distance is made by the farmer's whiskers as they smile over the big crops now apparent.

Mr. Cleveland has a habit of saying things in an oracular way that would make an immediate hit for him as a college president.

They are booming a Kansas congressman for vice-president just because he is red-headed. Do they want to make the rest of the candidates that way?

Just to show how interest in the noble game of baseball is flagging, a New Jersey man has been locked up because he went crazy over a game. Some years ago such a thing would have attracted no attention. It was the man not crazy over the game who was considered queer.

THE HAND OF FATE;

OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE CLARINET CLUB.

By Constance Beatrice Willard.

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CHAPTER XVI.

The damp wind of the night before had developed into a heavy snow, so that when Mrs. Tanquer looked out of her bedroom windows, she saw a dazzling whiteness spread before her, broken by the in-rolling waters of the great lake, which had not as yet been imprisoned in the embrace of the Ice King. As she stood by the windows in her dressing gown, of palest blue, with the bright sunshine streaming in upon her, she looked wonderfully delicate and charming. While there was always a shadow upon her face, she did not give any one the idea of invalidism. On the contrary, frail as was her appearance, it was rather the frailty of organism, than of health, and she never suffered from the common ailments of humanity, being even free from that curse of womankind, headache. Her illness was of mind, not body, and if the former could be eased, she would develop into a most charming woman.

Whatever her heavy mental burden, however, there seemed no hope of its being lifted, as she raised her hands, exceptionally small and white, to her masses of hair, gleaming red in the sunshine, and pushed them back from her face, and she said half aloud, for she was in the habit of talking to herself:

"How happy snow used to make me when I was a girl. When, when was that? Ages ago. Yesterday I cried, I, who thought I could never cry again, when I heard a child sing, 'Make Me a Child Again for Tonight.' Foolish, foolish woman. There is no childhood for you again, or rest, until this weary heart is laid away."

What sorrow lay in those dark eyes. A sorrow which no young wife, surrounded by luxury and devotion, should know. A sorrow which must break a loving husband's heart, must wring a brother's, and drive to distraction a man whom she had inspired with an exalted love.

After looking out at the bright world before her, Mrs. Tanquer rang for her maid, was dressed, and had just finished her solitary breakfast, for Mr. Tanquer was at his office several hours before she arose, when Ada came in, bright and glowing from a run along the few blocks which intervened between the two houses.

"My dearest girl, you come in like a snow queen," Mrs. Tanquer said almost daily, as she kissed the pretty young girl on either cheek, and looked in admiration at her bewitching costume. Her father having seriously objected to her assuming mourning, and disliking dark colors herself, Ada had worn this morning a dress of mauve, trimmed with Persian lamb, and a jaunty jacket of the same material. Her little mauve hat was trimmed with the same fur, while her muff showed coquettish ends lined with the delicate shade of her dress. Everything Ada wore immediately seemed a part of her charming personality, dainty, bewitching, enticing, and, oh, so entirely womanish.

"Yes; I thought I would run over this morning," Ada said, fluently, going up to the fire, and holding out first one and then the other hand encased in its faultless glove.

"Throw aside your wraps, dear, and spend the morning with me," pleaded Mrs. Tanquer, pressing a button for a servant to take her friend's garments, and Ada gladly accepted the invitation, although she felt wonderfully like a cutthroat, or some other dreadful creature as she sat by the side of the gentle lady she had come to betray.

"You are not looking well this morning," she began, looking at the face before her.

"I am never really sick, though, you know."

Ada began to tie knots in her dainty handkerchief, and, without looking up, said quickly:

"Why are you so different from other people, Maura?"

"Different? How?"

"You never laugh and sing and seem happy like the rest of us. Why is it?"

"My dear, you are a young girl with your life before you. I am fast becoming middleaged with many anxieties."

"I had an awful trouble a very short time ago," began Ada, with a deep blush, as she realized that lately it had not been so hard to bear.

"Yes; but consolation will come to you, and soon, too. Do not turn aside from it, my dear, for this lover is worth twenty of the other one."

"Don't, Maura, he's dead."

"Yes, dead; yet, my child, see how easily his place is filled, although he was a man of wealth and prominent position. Even his place in your heart is being filled."

"I hate myself for it sometimes, but that is true," Ada whispered, forgetting her errand, and putting her hands before her face.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that an honorable man loves you, and that you see that you are going to be able to give him the love he asks for."

"But I somehow seem to belong to another," Ada persisted, although her face was very sweet and tender, and her soft, blue eyes shone through their tears.

"If a man cannot retain your love, he has no right to it. I never approved of your engagement, for I did not think Frank would make you happy. He was too careless, light-hearted, useless. Wickersham is a man in every sense of the word, and he will guide our little girl and make a noble woman of her. With Frank you would have remained just as you are, which while a charming state for a young girl, is not what is expected of a woman. Harry will develop this dear little brain and call out the reserve force in you. Do you understand me, darling?"

"Oh, Maura, of course I do, you make me so happy. I have tried to keep faithful to Frank's memory, but I couldn't, for Mr. Wickersham inspires admiration by the way he defends his friend."

"Yes; he is a very noble fellow," returned Mrs. Tanquer, in a low tone.

"I don't think him a bit ugly, do you?" Ada asked, blushing a rosy red.

Mrs. Tanquer could not help smiling, but her thoughts were turned into another channel by Ada's next remark.

"How was it you came to marry Mr. Tanquer, dear? You couldn't love him?"

"What makes you think that?" The old shadow had returned to the delicate features.

"Because no one could love a man, this way, I mean, when he is so old. Of course, he is just lovely, but it isn't the same. Why, you know, one grows to count the time between times of seeing a person one loves, and you begin to feel that you never knew how silly and stupid you were before. You look at him and see how manly and strong he is, and you admire him when he shows what being a real person is. You just hate all your little, mean, foolish, silly thoughts and long to know something. I have been reading the stock reports every morning for a couple of weeks, but honestly I can't understand them a bit. Why, Maura, there isn't anything I wouldn't do for him."

Mrs. Tanquer was smiling again, a sweet, tender smile, and she stroked the plump hand lovingly.

"Now, that I see how silly he was in asking me to do it, I'll tell you what I came over here to do for him."

"To do for him?" in great astonishment.

"Why, yes; you see he wanted me to ask you certain questions and see what you would say."

Mrs. Tanquer's head drooped a little, but her voice was calm as ever, as she said, gently:

"What did he want to know?"

"Maura, do you know that you are the woman they spoke about at the inquest?"

Mrs. Tanquer looked such utter astonishment that Ada was convinced, but she continued, according to Wickersham's instructions:

"Some people say that Mr. Welden thought a great deal of you."

"My dear, some people will talk evil of any one. I know that my appearance causes comment, but I have some troubles no one knows of, and if I am unhappy it is because of them. No man ever spoke a word of love to me but my husband; he was the only man who ever asked me to marry him. If I do not give him the gay, childish love you can bestow, do not think that I must, of necessity, be subject to attentions of other men, and certainly from a man like Mr. Welden, who, whatever he may have done in a moment of great anger, is certainly a gentleman."

The quiet gravity of Mrs. Tanquer's manner, could not help but impress Ada, and she was endeavoring to form an appropriate answer, when Miss Stoneborough was announced, and after a few words of greeting, asked if one of them would not accompany her on a drive through the parks. Mrs. Tanquer excused herself, saying that she had to go down town, but Ada gladly accepted, and the two were soon gaily spinning along behind the clean-limbed thoroughbred, which Miss Stoneborough guided with a skillful hand.

"What do you think of him?" Miss Stoneborough asked, indicating the sleek bay with a nod of her head. "Sound in limb and wind. Isn't he a clean traveler? No toe weights or boots about him. A trifle hard in the mouth, but I like a horse that bears up on the bit, and she indicated the swaying traces, which showed that the light cutter was being drawn entirely by Miss Stoneborough's sturdy arms.

To all of this little Ada gave an occasional now of the head, or a "Yes, yes, is that so?"

One horse was the same as another to her as long as he did not run away with her, and her companion might just as well have given a discourse on the rigging of various sea crafts or discoveries of the Stone Age, for all the society girl comprehended.

With unusual astuteness, Miss Stoneborough soon saw that Ada was not a horsewoman, and she said, with her uncultured laugh:

"I suppose you don't understand my lingo, but then you can give me cards and spades and win out in anything about society matters. Still everybody to their bringing up. Your folks have been high-steppers from away back. I don't know anything about a single one back of my pappy, and he worked by the day in a mine until he struck it rich. My ma was a dish-washer before pappy married her, and she worked like a dog, too, all her life, for pappy's luck came after

SPECIAL TO
OUR READERS

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she died. We have all the good things now, and she's lying out in the cold, with a useless monument over her. Why, in all her life she never saw as much money as we pay to have her grave kept in order for one year, and yet she was the best mother that ever lived."

Ada murmured a conventional word or two, and smothered a yawn behind her muff, which did not go unobserved by her sharp-eyed companion, who continued:

"Your friend Wickersham seems to be fighting good and plenty for his pal."

All Ada's listlessness disappeared and she cried, eagerly:

"Yes; isn't it grand of him?"

"It's no more than he ought to do. Who wouldn't stand pat when a man's life is in question? Why, we will all do it."

"Well, but you consider him guilty," suggested Ada, who began to feel some admiration for this whole-souled woman, who through all her uncouthness displayed the golden heart.

"Well, if he is guilty, he had cause enough. I've seen men shot for a good deal less than that. I've seen one man killed for kicking another man's dog. The only thing I don't like is the using of that knife. It's playing a man dirt to stab. A gun is the white man's weapon; a knife is an Injun's tool."

"I do not understand quite all you are talking about, but Mr. Wickersham says he is not guilty, and I am sure he is not," said Ada, trying to turn the conversation once more into channels containing no shoals.

"Another thing I'm kicking against is the way a woman's name has been pulled into this affair. If men have a scrap, let them fight it out between themselves."

"You mean about Mrs. Tanquer?" asked Ada, remembering her conversation with Mrs. Tanquer.

"Sure. Just let me hear any one say a word against her, and my gun's out. I know she doesn't cotton to me much, but I've taken a liking to her and as we've been thrown together a good deal lately, I've been able to take stock of her good points."

"Are best wishes in order?" asked Ada, a little pertly.

"Well, no, not exactly. Melbourne has been dancing about me a good deal lately, and I suppose he means business. Pappy and I have talked the matter over pretty thoroughly. He has family."

"Yes; his family is one of the oldest and most aristocratic in Chicago, or the part of the East from which they came, but he has no money," said Ada, with the slight tinge of maliciousness which girls find difficult to keep out of their voices at times.

"There is no need of his having money. We have enough for him, too. You see, my money is all my own. Uncle Jim, pappy's partner, left his half to me, when he died, and I'm pappy's partner now, and all of his pile is coming to me. We don't have any strikes in our mines, so we make money all the time. Pappy's been one of the boys and we know how it goes to be down on our luck. We have the money, Melbourne has the family, and so our children can have the best of chances from the start, and it will be strange if they don't beat a few records before they come home. If he asks me, I will marry him. I suppose that's what you wanted to know, isn't it?" looking Ada straight in the eye.

Poor little Ada, who was unaccustomed to such plain speaking, could only gasp that it was, when Miss Stoneborough drew up at the Campbell residence, and after a cheery, "Good-by, see you again," disappeared down the street like a whirlwind.

CHAPTER XVII.

The man of many projects was in his private office, skilfully attending to his numerous interests, giving each detail thorough investigation with a promptness and swiftness of comprehension which only comes of long practice.

His keen eyes ran through a pile of correspondence, each letter being weighed and the answer considered, before he pressed a bell for his secretary, so that when the work of dictation began, there need be no unnecessary delay. Letter after letter is dictated with a rapidity which keeps the stenographer's fingers busy, expert though he be. The telephone rings, and still dictating, Mr. Tanquer raises the receiver to his ear.

"We must decline all further offers; wait a minute, Wilson—what did you say? Ah, yes, at three o'clock, certainly, you may depend upon me. Will I be at the directors' meeting at two? Probably not, as I have to run out on the I. C. with a party of gentlemen to look at a new subdivision. All right. Now," hanging up the receiver, "if you are ready, Wilson—of other than preferred stock, for in our opinion—well, what is it?" to the office boy, who knocked.

"Mrs. Tanquer wishes to see you."

Mr. Tanquer rose to his feet and going to the door, held it open, saying, deferentially:

"Come right in, my dear. Why did you wait?"

Mrs. Tanquer came in, looking very dainty and charming in her costly sealskin trimmed with ermine, a slight flush in her cheeks, called to them by the frosty air without, she having made her trip in her sleigh. Snow falls so seldom in Chicago that she desired to take advantage of the storm of the night before.

"I am afraid I have interrupted you," she began, smiling pleasantly at the secretary, who had risen and was standing flushed and awkward, scarcely knowing whether to remain or leave the room.

"You could not disturb me, my darling," was the quick answer, as Mr. Tanquer placed a chair for his wife. "You may go now, Wilson, and I will ring for you when I am ready, and now, my dear, what caused you to give me this pleasure?"

Mrs. Tanquer looked embarrassed and suddenly turned crimson. "I scarcely know how to say what I wish, but it concerns Forest."

A cloud settled upon the manly, open features of the great financier, but he said, in his usual low, tender tone:

"Maura, love, is it impossible for you to keep from worrying about that boy?"

"But, listen to me. I had a conversation with him last night, and I have kept thinking about him ever since. Mr. Tanquer, he is not happy. There is something back of all this. I have wondered if he loved any one else."

"Do you know of any one?"

"No; he has paid attention to the majority of the girls, but as he is such a favorite, it is an easy matter for him to find favor with them. About the only girl who never cared for him is Ada."

"Forest would stand no chance there, and then, too, her father would manage her property."

"But the money isn't everything, dear."

"No, Maura; but in Forest's case it means a good deal. What he needs to steady him is a large fortune to manage. That I could give him easily enough, but then he would look to me to take care of it for him. If we can make him assume responsibility and get him interested in business, we will make a man of him, otherwise, my dear, he is going straight to the dogs; excuse me for saying this."

Mrs. Tanquer still looked worried, but she returned, slowly:

"I suppose you know best. You will be gentle with him?"

"Certainly, for your sake."

The lady sat still a moment longer, then arose.

"Must you go?" asked Mr. Tanquer, also rising.

"Yes; I do not approve of a man's wife coming to his office. She should not interfere with his business."

"You can never interfere with anything of mine," was the gallant answer, and Mr. Tanquer accompanied his wife down to her waiting sleigh, bareheaded, and more than one woman seeing her pass and noticing the courtesy shown her by the man who stood so high in all circles, envied her and wondered at her listless air and the shadow which always rested upon her sweet, pure face.

Turning, about to enter the building, Mr. Tanquer came face to face with his brother-in-law.

"Oh, there, Forest, want to see me?"

"Yes; I was just going up. That Maura?"

"Yes."

"Why, that's something unusual, isn't it?"

"First time she ever has been in my office," was the quick reply. "And you were the cause."

"I?"

"Yes, you. You make more trouble for that girl than you have any conception of," said Mr. Tanquer, leading the way into his private office, and shutting the door behind them.

"Say, Tanquer, I can't believe that. I know I'm a good-for-nothing devil, but I can't believe all that unhappiness in her face is put there by me. You remember her as a girl, don't you?"

"Unfortunately, I do."

"There wasn't a brighter and lovelier girl than she. She was the life of everything and always singing and laughing. Say, Tanquer, when has she sung?"

The young man's voice broke and his eyes looked dim, those soft, dark eyes so like his sister's.

"Pull up my boy, and we'll see if we can't make our little girl happier. Now, in the first place, you spoke to me about some other person. Want to tell me anything about her?"

"Yes, I do, for I am crazy about her."

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Lilly Blake, and she is a clerk in Pasture's."

"As I come from the lower class myself, I suppose it is a little presumptuous in me to hold the fact that she is not a lady against your choice, but I am a little surprised at you, I must confess."

"Don't sneer at the poor girl, Tanquer. You don't know her, and God knows she has enough to bear without your flings."

"Affection returned then?" asked the elder man, tapping his teeth with the handle of his letter-opener and looking thoughtful.

"Of course."

"I suppose it is, of course, for you have the devil's luck with women, Forest. Have you offered yourself?"

"Worse."

"Worse?"

"Confound it all, Tanquer, we are not two school boys. I love her, and she me, and I've played her the same trick we men usually do in such cases."

"Speak for yourself. I'm not at all surprised, but a good deal disgusted. You said just about this last night, but I hoped I had not entirely understood you. You are about at the end of your tether, my boy. Is the girl otherwise perfectly straight?"

"I know it."

"All the worse for you. Now listen to me. You must send her some money."

"I have and she returned it without a single word."

"Humph. That looks bad. Well, you must place this matter in my hands. Marriage with her is out of the question. Do you understand, out of the question; and you must marry Miss Stoneborough," and Mr. Tanquer bent his clear eyes upon the young man.

Weak where strength would have made a man of him, in spite of his dashing manner and handsome face, Forest Melbourne lacked the bravery to keep his troth with a woman who had loved him dearer than anything on earth, and finally returned:

"Well, never let me see Lilly Blake again, or I shall bolt to her, even if it is before the very altar," and, leaving his brother-in-law's office, he made his way to the stately pile in which Miss Stoneborough conducted her father's magnificent household, and before he left was her accepted husband.

As Forest left the room, Mr. Tanquer's finger was on the bell, and a moment later he said to his secretary:

"Now, if you are ready, Wilson, we will resume—there is danger of watering the stock if the present method is pursued."

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was a close, windy day early in January, such as come to Chicago as a herald of the spring which is yet to come. Outside the dust blew in blinding clouds and even inside the handsomely appointed Pasture's, it was felt. The clerks all looked worn and discouraged, and paid but scant attention to the few customers who sauntered up and down the aisles. Of them all, none was more indifferent than Lilly Blake. During the past month she had grown thin and pale, and under her lovely eyes were shadows which told of nights of sleeplessness and weeping. Since she had left him in the park, she had seen nothing of Forest Melbourne, although he had sent her the promised money the following day. Money which she as quickly returned. She languidly attended to her duties, and when not busy, leaned up against the counter, her lids drooping in sheer weariness.

"What's up, dearie?" Annie asked, at last.

"Nothing," Lilly answered, sharply, moving forward to wait upon a lady who entered at that moment.

"Yes; but there is," persisted Annie, the wants of the customer having been attended to, "and I want to know what it is."

"I tell you that nothing is the matter. This weather upsets us all," Lilly said, languidly.

Annie's lips quivered and she felt hurt. No one looking at the handsome Lilly could fail to notice the wonderful change which had come over her, like a deadly blight. The lovely color, brilliant manner and healthy, wholesome air which characterized her formerly, were all gone. Annie's sharp little eyes had noted the fact that no longer did the fashionably-dressed young man wait for her friend, and that each day seem to find her weaker and more listless. As she was watching and trying to puzzle out the mystery, Lilly suddenly fell to the floor, lying there like one dead. Kind hands bore the unconscious girl to a dressing room, where restoratives were resorted to, but in vain, so that the head of the department, becoming frightened, sent for a physician. The moment the doctor arrived he ordered the room cleared of all save the head herself, and together they finally brought Lilly to consciousness, but as soon as the heavy lids raised and Lilly appeared out of danger, the other woman felt contaminated.

"As Miss Blake has recovered, Doctor, I will stay no longer," and she swept out of the room. Lilly looked at her with her eyes full of tears, for this woman had been like a mother to her, and then started to arise.

"Lie still, my girl, lie still," the physician said, kindly. "Rest for a little, for you will need all your strength. Don't break down. Just remember that women are the hardest toward you girls. Cheer up and look for the best," and he patted her shoulder encouragingly, and Lilly struggled with herself, endeavoring to regain her composure. Seeing that there was nothing more he could do, the physician left the room, sighing to himself as he reflected upon the trouble ahead for the poor girl and the cruelty of the world toward just such girls.

"Still, morality must be maintained. I feel sorry for the girl, but she will sink, I suppose, and go the way of them all," and then he forgot her in the press of other engagements.

Lilly was left alone for about half an hour, when a cash boy delivered a message to the effect that the manager wished to see her in his office. From the way he stared at her, poor Lilly knew that the news of her disgrace had gone all over the house, and with a heart which was almost breaking, she rose and followed him. When she reached the manager's office, she paused a moment, then, gathering up her courage, entered.

The manager was a kind-faced man, who had taken an almost fatherly interest in her advancement, but there was a very stern expression about his mouth, as he looked at her intently for a moment. Lilly's eyes dropped and she flushed crimson.

"I am extremely sorry, Miss Blake, but something has been repeated to me, and, on account of your long service and hitherto spotless character, I have called you to me to allow you an opportunity of explaining, if possible. Usually prompt dismissal is our plan of action."

Lilly stood before him, her head drooping. Had she but the right to bear another name; did a wedding ring encircle her finger, then how proudly she could meet his eyes and proclaim her condition to the world.

"Lilly, you know we have all taken a great interest in you. I cannot believe the story," said the manager, much more kindly. "Come, sit down and take me into your confidence, there must be some excuse."

Then Lilly raised her eyes, and he was startled at the suffering in them.

"What is the use, I have no explanation," she said, wearily.

"None, my child?"

"Absolutely none. Certain actions are forbidden. I did not heed, that's all."

"You have been deceived?"

"Sadly so, but not in the way you mean. I did think I was going to be married, but I knew that I had no claim other than my love. It was not strong enough. Love is a very weak band to hold a man to a disgraced woman," her voice seemed to be freighted down with the sorrow of ages, the sorrow of poor, weak woman, whose heart is too tender.

"Lilly, my child, I know that you have been unjustly treated. A girl does not grow up, as you have done, under my eyes, without my knowing something of her character. Put the matter in my hands, and I will see that the man marries you, or suffers."

Gently, yet firmly, Lilly refused the kind offer, much as she appreciated it.

"No, he does not love me. If he still did so, everything else would be easy. Thank you, oh, so many times, for your friendship, but there is nothing you can do. Some people call you hard, but I know differently."

"Then you will not let me help you?"

"I cannot."

The man upon whose shoulders rested many responsibilities sighed, then, rising, told her to wait for his return. A few moments later he rejoined her and placed a little envelope in her hands.

"I must ask you to leave, you understand that?"

"Oh, yes," Lilly replied, languidly, "I knew that would follow as soon as the matter was discovered."

"As I am obliged to do this, I have added a little to the amount due you. Do not refuse it. Misfortune comes to every one. You have earned more than your salary in the years past, and now when a little extra will be useful, let the house you have helped provide a few dollars until you are able to look after yourself. Now, my girl, if you were a member of my own family I could not feel worse about it, and if I can do anything toward making a bad matter a little less heavy to bear, just let me know."

"Few men would treat an unfortunate woman as you have," Lilly murmured, gratefully, although not until after she reached home did she know how kind he had been, for within that pay envelope she found sufficient to provide for her needs for some months to come.

With the tears standing in her eyes, Lilly left the establishment and instinctively turned toward the lake. The summer before she had walked in the soft moonlight with Forest Melbourne, listening to his words of endearment and believing his protestations of love. In her great sorrow, she felt that in the soft embrace of its waters, she would find a happy end to her worthless life. When last it was seen by her a soft harvest moon had shed her gentle rays over the shimmering expanse, and the memory of it all fascinated her. When, however, she gazed at the mass of inrolling waters, angry and black, which dashed against the breakwater with such sullen force, drenching her with spray, she shrunk back frightened. The day had changed and a cold wind blew in off the lake. Still the sight drew her nearer and nearer in spite of herself, and she crouched down, bending over the side of the breakwater with a face set and white. The cold spray dashed over her until she was wet to the skin and she shivered until her teeth chattered, but she seemed all unconscious of discomfort. Peace lay in those waters, and peace she would have at any price. Suddenly she paused. A warm thrill ran through her being, quickening her pulses and sending the blood bounding through her heart. She did not know what name to give to the sensation, but she realized that she had another to think of beside herself, and that wrong as suicide was, it would be doubly criminal to quench the little life that beat within her bosom. Silently she turned and left the lake, drenched as she was, made her way home, uttering a prayer of thanksgiving that she had been stayed in her mad project.

This exceedingly interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Any one desiring to subscribe regularly for the paper will be sent a camera or patterns free, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

CAN'T HELP IT

Coffee Nerves Always on Edge.

The easy way to get rid of coffee nerves on edge is to quit the coffee and drink well made Postum Food Coffee in its place.

When the Postum is thoroughly boiled it furnishes a rich tasting food drink and it is then easy and pleasant to shift from the drug to the food coffee.

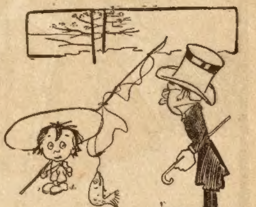
A Washington lady says: "For a long time I suffered so from nervous headache and was so weak and worn all the time that I was hardly able to do my housework. Every little thing worried me so, and the noise of my two little children almost drove me wild. I tried my best to be kind and patient with them but it seemed the harder I tried the crosser I grew until I was discouraged almost to despair. I had been using coffee three times a day for about 12 years. Several months ago I read an article in a religious paper telling about Postum Coffee and I made up my mind coffee was causing my trouble.

"So I shut down on the coffee, which was easy when I used Postum. My headaches grew more painful at first but I was not surprised at this and was determined to let coffee alone and give Postum a fair trial. In a few days Postum had driven most of the drug effects of coffee out of my system. The headaches grew less and finally stopped altogether and for the past three months I have been a different person. The headaches are all gone, my strength is coming back, nerves are steady, and I feel rested in place of tired all the time.

"I knew it was coffee that caused all the trouble and I am certain that Postum is rapidly repairing all the wrongs that coffee caused. I always tell people when recommending Postum to be sure to make it according to directions; don't forget to boil it 15 minutes." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send to the Co. for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,500.00 cooks contest for 735 money prizes.

Too Big.



"My! My! What a fine big fish!"

"Yessir; but it's so much bigger'n any pap kin brag about that I'm skeered to take it home."

Some enterprising legislator might make a name for himself by introducing a law to compel the owners of goats to put pads on the animals' heads.

A BACK NUMBER

The Milk and Egg Diet.

Starving the patient who has a sick stomach, is an out of date treatment and no longer necessary with the predigested and nourishing food Grape-Nuts that the weakest stomach can handle and grow strong upon.

There is plenty of proof of this: "I had suffered from stomach trouble for six years and for most of the last two years had been confined to my bed, the trouble having become chronic in spite of the very best medical attention. I had always been a coffee drinker but for the past year I could not drink it at all because it made me so nervous I could not sleep and my appetite was almost entirely gone.

"Then some friend advised me to try the predigested food Grape-Nuts and about three months ago I did so and since that time my improvement has been so rapid that customers and friends are astonished and every day some one remarks upon my changed condition. I have gained 15 pounds, sleep well, my appetite is good and my digestion is perfect. Where I have lived on milk and light diet for years I now eat most anything I want and don't suffer any inconvenience either. The way Grape-Nuts has built up my stomach and strengthened my nervous system particularly is just wonderful.

"I drink your food drink Postum, too, and no longer feel the want of coffee. There is absolutely no doubt that leaving off coffee and using Grape-Nuts and Postum has brought me out of my bed from an invalid back to fine health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and that reason is plain to any one who will spend a few minutes investigating in the interest of health.

Send to the Co. for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,500.00 cooks contest for 735 money prizes.

Importer Out of a Job.

"I am not a beggar, sir," said the weary wayfarer, "but I crave a few pennies to tide me over a business stringency."

"What's your business?" inquired the curious man.

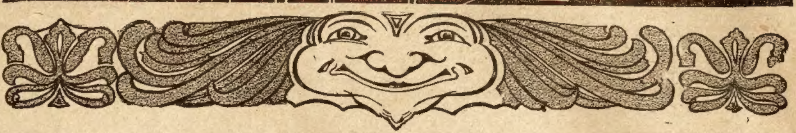
"Sir," said the weary wayfarer, "I am an importer of icebergs."

Distressing Stomach Disease

Quickly cured to stay cured by the masterly power of Drake's Palmetto Wine. Invalids no longer suffer from this dreadful malady, because this remarkable remedy cures absolutely every form of stomach trouble. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and constipation, as well as a regulator of the kidneys and liver.

Only one dose a day, and a cure begins with the first dose. No matter how long or how much you have suffered you are certain of cure with one small dose a day of Drake's Palmetto Wine, and to convince you of this fact the Drake Formula Company, 24 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., will send a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine free and prepaid to every reader of the Chicago Ledger who desires to make a thorough test of this splendid tonic Palmetto remedy. A postal card or letter will be your only expense.

JOKES AND



Modern Journalism.

"Prince Rudolph of Besaria," says the telegraph editor, "is traveling incognito."

The renowned managing editor knits his brows for a moment.

An inspiration flashes to him.

"Send a message to the Governor of Cognito," he orders. "Ask him to send us his latest photograph and 200 words on 'How It Feels to Entertain a Member of Royalty.'"

Two of a Kind.

"Must be something wrong with the organ bellows," whispered the man to his wife at church.

"What?" she asked.

"The organ bellows," he repeated.

"Humph! So does the frump who is trying to sing soprano."

The Universal Absorber.

"Your face is wet, sir," said the hustling barber; "Henry, bring this gentleman a 'J. P. Morgan' towel!"

"Why do you call it that?" asked the patron, in surprise.

"Because it's so absorbing, you know. Next!"

Laying Down a Safe Rule.

Topton—I wonder if she'll like this ring?

Clerk—How old is she?

"What has that to do with it?

"Why, if she's 20 or thereabouts you can't get a diamond big enough, but if she's over 30 she won't kick at anything."

Rough on the Infant.

"Have you decided on a name for the baby yet, Tanksley?"

"Yes, we've named her for my new automobile."

"What?"

"Fact. We call her Gasolena."

Second-Hand Goods.

Molly—Have you seen Mabel's engagement ring?

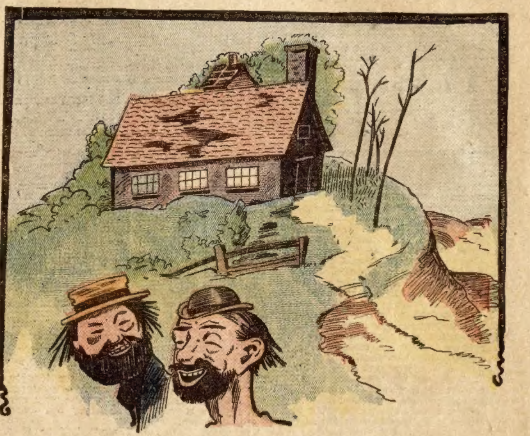
Dolly—Seen it? Why, I wore it all last summer!

Easily Attained.

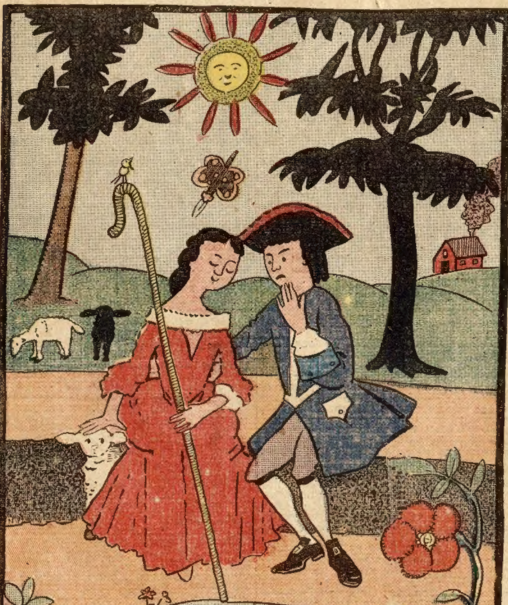
Moldy Mike—Dis yeer paper says ther secret of aristercratic appearance is the repose of manner.

Wearie William—Dat's me.

TRENCHANT PHILOSOPHY.



Dinky Donuthin—I tell you whisky is handy when you got the cramps.
Hustling Hawkins—Yes; and cramps is handy when you've got whisky.



He—Won't you be my little lamb?
She—Oh, stop now, you make me feel so sheepish.
Black Sheep (in the background)—The mutton heads.

A Difficult Task.

Tramp—You has purty easy times—nothin' to do but stand here sellin' lead pencils.

Pencil Peddler—Think it's easy do yeh? Don't you know people won't buy pencils of a feller on th' street unless he looks starved an' dejected an' despairin'?"

"That's easy."

"'Taint easy to look that way right along, w'en y'r rakin' in four dollars a day."

How to Bust Brilliantly.

Valet—Over fifty dunning letters in today's mail.

Chappie—Humph! Something will have to be done, me good man.

"Yes, sir."

"Let—me—see. Go tell all the newspapers that I've ordered a new steam yacht. That will quiet those unmannerly tradesmen for a while."

A Family of Amateurs.

Cultured Mother—My dear, your sister Clara is an amateur pianist, Dora is an amateur photographer, Edna is an amateur painter, and Elvira is an amateur astronomer, but you don't seem to be anything.

Pretty Daughter—Oh, yes, mamma; I am an amateur fiancee. Here's my first engagement ring.

A Mean Boycott.

First Podunk Citizen—Why has old Skinflint refused to run for sheriff again?

Second Citizen—No money in it any more. The fees have dropped to nothing.

"It paid well once."

"Yes, but the tramps got mad because he didn't treat them well enough, and have boycotted the town."

An Evidence of Refinement.

A lady who had been traveling abroad was describing an Irishwoman whom she met.

"She was so refined, so well educated!" she said. "Why, she was so careful in avoiding all temptations to brogue that she invariably called the crater of Mount Vesuvius 'the creature'!"

A Stupefying Question.

Pretty Girl—All the girls in our set are going to be vaccinated tomorrow night. Do you know where?

Bashful Youth (blushing deeply)—Really—I—I couldn't—er—um——

Pretty Girl—Oh, you'd never guess in the world. We are all going to meet at Cousin Clara's house and be vaccinated there.

Something Wrong.

News Editor—Wires must be down in the West.

Night Editor—What's wrong?

News Editor—No recent reports from that section about new and startling developments in regard to the postal department frauds.

The Lovers' Quarrel.

She (turning at the door)—I think you are just hateful and I'm never going to speak to you again, so there's no use coming into the music-room after me—because I'll be on the rustic bench at the far end of the conservatory.

Kept a Secret.

Wife—Think I can't keep a secret, do you?

Husband—Yes, I do.

Wife—Well, I've worn an old hat trimmed over for the past two months, and I haven't told a soul yet, so there.

Enjoyed Life.

Dora—How horrid it must have been for young people in Puritan days—no theaters, no music, no dances, no nice dresses, even.

Clara—Y-e-s; but they had kissing games.

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I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a copy free. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B., Suite 604, 112 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Enthusiastic Taxpayers.

Friend—It's all fixed now. You'll be elected judge. The taxpayers are all enthusiastic.

Candidate—What argument did you use?

Friend—I told 'em you could soon fill the treasury by fining people for contempt of court.

Pays to Have Friends.

Jinks—I tell you what it is, there is nothing like having lots of friends.

Winks—I presume not.

Jinks—No, sirree. Just as quick as I lose a job, my friends all rush around hunting a new place for me, so as to save me the trouble of borrowing money from them.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

She Was "It."

A lady once asked a little girl of five if she had any brothers.

"Yes," said the child, "I have three brothers."

"And how many sisters, my dear?" asked the lady.

"Just one sister, and I'm it," replied the small girl.

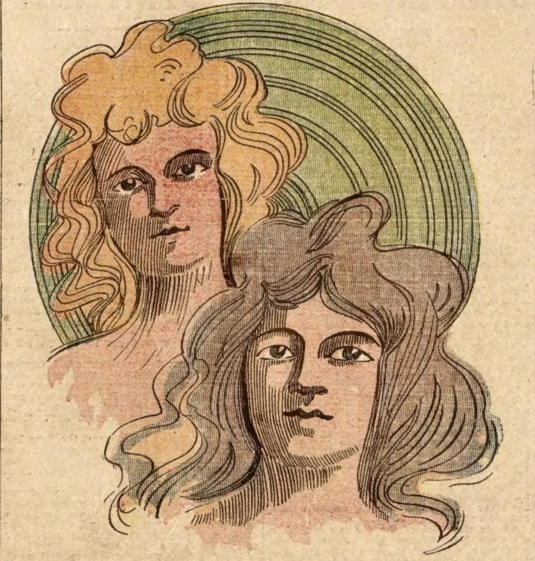
His Definition.

"Then you regard the trust as an inevitable outgrowth of economic conditions?"

"Assuredly."

"What do you mean by inevitable?"

"Anything that has already occurred."



"She knows where her husband is every minute of the day."
"He must be in the penitentiary."

Natural Wonders.

"Why is a river the greatest freak of nature?"

"Didn't know it was. Why is it?"

"A river has a head, but no feet. Its mouth is where its feet ought to be."

"Pretty good. A mountain is somewhat freakish, also. We have all seen the foot of a mountain, but we never heard of a mountain's head."

"That's so. Still, it must have a head, for it has ears."

"Has ears? How's that?"

"Certainly. Did you never see a mountaineer?"

In a Hurry for Dinner.

Little Freddie, aged 4, was visiting his grandpa, who always asked a blessing at the table. One day when the bell rang for dinner Freddie came running in from his play breathless, climbed into his chair and exclaimed: "Hurry up, grandpa, and read your plate. I's awful hungry!"

At Home.

Henry Peck's Clerk—No, Mr. Peck won't be at his office today.

Customer—I wonder if I could see him at his home?

"If your eyes are very good."

A Faulty Dictionary.

"Remember, boys," said the teacher, "that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as 'fail.' "

After a few moments a boy raised his hand.

"Well, what is it, Socrates?" asked the teacher.

"I was merely going to suggest," replied the youngster, "that if such is the case it would be advisable to write to the publishers of that lexicon and call their attention to the omission."

Information Wanted.

Traveler (from Podunk)—Is this here th' bureau of information?

Railroad Clerk—It is.

Traveler—Well, about six hours ago a feller took my watch an' satchel around th' corner to git my name engraved on 'em, so they wouldn't git lost, an' I wanter know if the engravers of this 'ere town are all out on strike.

Politely Told.

Young Lady (strolling in the woods)—Ooo! What a horrible odor! Something must be dead!

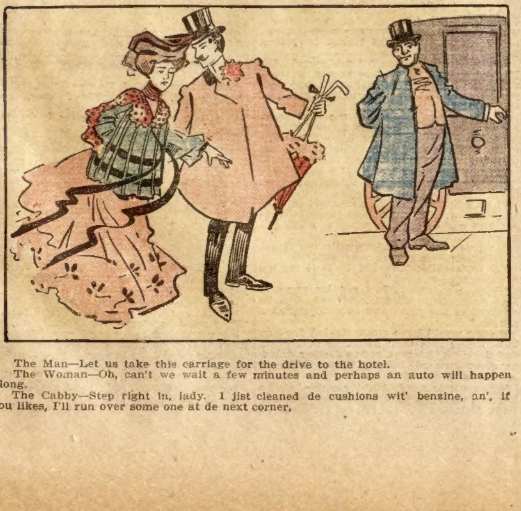
Polite Youth (in the fur line)—N-o, it's a live fur-bearing animal, known to the trade as the black marten.

A Red-Letter Day.

Daughter—Papa went off in great good humor this morning.

Mother—My goodness! That reminds me. I forgot to ask him for any money.

BEST HE COULD DO.



The Man—Let us take this carriage for the drive to the hotel.

The Woman—Oh, can't we wait a few minutes and perhaps an auto will happen along.

The Cabby—Step right in, lady. I jist cleaned de cushions wit' benzine, an', if you likes, I'll run over some one at de next corner.

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6 ft. high; 6 ft. wide; 6 ft. long; white canvas. Send at once for 30 pieces fine jewelry. Sell them at 10c. each and remit us the $3.00. We will then send you this tent free. GEM CO., Dept. A, 918 Lake St., Chicago.
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SCUDDER'S DOG CASE.

BY MAX ADELER.

A man came into the office of Judge Parker the other day while I was in there attending to a little law business, and he said:

"Judge, my name is Scudder. I called to see you about a dog case that kinder bewilders me, and I thought maybe you might throw some light on her—might just give me the law points, so's I'd know whether it was worth while suing or not.

"Well, Judge, you see me and a man named Potts went into partnership on a dog. We bought him. He was a setter, and me and Potts went shares on him so's to take him out a-hunting. It was never exactly settled which half of him I owned, and which half belonged to Potts, but somehow I kinder formed an idea in my own mind that the hind end was Scudder's and the front end Potts'. Consequence was that when the dog barked I always said, 'There goes Potts' half exercising itself,' and when the dog's tail wagged I always considered that my end was being agitated. And, of course, when one of my hind legs scratched one of Potts' ears, or one of his shoulders, I was perfectly satisfied; first, because that sorter thing was good for the whole dog; and, second, because the thing would get about even when Potts' head would reach around and bite a flea off of my hind leg or snap at a fly.

"Well, things went along smooth enough for a while, until one day that dog began to get into the habit of running around after his tail. He was the foolishest dog about that I ever see. Used to chase his tail around and around until he'd get so giddy he couldn't bark. And you know I was skeered lest it might hurt the dog's health and as Potts' didn't seem to be willing to keep his end from circulating in pursuit of my end, I made up my mind to chop the dog's tail off, so's to make him reform and behave. So last Saturday I caused the dog to back up ag'in' a log, and then I suddenly dropped the ax on his tail, pretty close up, and the next minute he was booming around that yard, yowling like a boatload of wild cats. Just then Potts came up, and he let on to be mad because I'd cut off that tail. One word brought on another, and pretty soon Potts sicked that dog on me—my own half, too, mind you—and the dog bit me in the leg, bit a piece out. See that! look at that leg! About half a pound gone; et up by that dog!

"Now, what I want to see you about, Judge, is this: Can't I recover damages for assault and battery from Potts? What I chopped off belonged to me, recollect. I owned an undivided half of that setter pup, from the tip of his tail clean up to his third rib, and I'd a right to cut way as much of it as I'd a mind to; while Potts, being sole owner of the dog's head, is responsible when he bites anybody."

"I don't know," said the Judge, musingly. "There haven't been any decisions on cases exactly like this. But what does Mr. Potts say upon the subject?"

"Why, Potts' view is that I divided the dog the wrong way. When he wants to map out his half he draws a line from the middle of the nose, right along the spine, and clean to the end of the tail. That gives me one hind leg and one fore leg, and makes him joint proprietor in the tail. And he says that if I wanted to cut off my half of the tail I might have done it, an he wouldn't 've cared; but what made him mad was that I wasted his property without consulting him. But that theory seems to me a little strained, and if it's legal, why I'm going to close out my half of that dog at a sacrifice sooner than hold any interest in him on those principles. Now, what do you think about it?"

"Well," said the Judge, "I can hardly decide so important a question off-hand; but at the first glance my opinion is that you own the whole dog and Potts also owns the whole dog. So, when he bites you a suit won't lie against Potts, and the only thing you can do is to make the dog bite Potts also. As for the tail, when it is separated from the dog, it is no longer the dog's tail, and it is not worth fighting about."

"Can't sue Potts, you say?"

"I think not."

"Can't get damages for the meat that's been bit out of me?"

"I hardly think you can."

"Well, well, and yet they talk about American civilization and temples of justice, and such things. All right. Let it go. I kin stand it, but don't anybody ever undertake to tell me that the law protects human beings in their rights. Good morning, Judge."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Scudder,' said the Judge; "you've forgotten my fee."

"F-f-f-fee! Why, you don't charge anything when I don't sue, do you?"

"Certainly, for my advice. My fee is ten dollars."

"Ten dollars! Ten dollars! Why, Judge, that's just what I paid for my half of that dog. I haven't got fifty cents to my name. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make over all my rights in the setter pup to you, and you kin go around and fight it out with Potts. If that dog bites me ag'in' I'll sue you and Potts as sure as my name's Scudder."

Potts owns the whole dog now, and Scudder guns without one.

A Heavier Loss.

Hark! In the dark watches of the night they could plainly hear footsteps in the kitchen.

"Burglars!" he exclaimed, hastily covering up his head.

"Oh, Henry!" sighed his wife; "I wish I had your faculty of looking at the bright side of things. I'm sure it's that Brown woman trying to entice my cook away."

A Helpful Son-in-Law.

"I suppose that if you marry my daughter you will expect me to pay your debts."

"Shouldn't think of putting you to so much trouble," answered Earlie Byrd. "You can give me the money and I'll pay 'em myself."

DENVER DICK'S STRATEGY;

OR, DOWNING THE BOSS OF TELLURIDE.

BY COLONEL WILLIAM PERRY.

(Copyright, 1903, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 30, July 25. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

RED MURDOCH IS FOXY.

A general exclamation of relief ensued as Denver Dick alighted squarely upon the opposite brink, and turning round, gracefully waved his hand. Casey drew a long breath.

"Faith! he's as good on the jump as he is on the shoot!" he exclaimed, running forward to catch the end of the plank which Gentry was holding out. "Now, boys, over wid ye. It's aisy enough crossin' now."

With the aid thus afforded the party was soon across and hastening toward the light that still flickered in the distance.

Passing from a natural cavern to another old working, they neither saw nor heard any one at all, save their own faces and voices.

"I guess Rawson has warned them," commented the Colorado Sport. "But let us hurry on. If there is an outlet, we may either overtake them or gain some news from our friends who went around.

Without much difficulty they found another passage or seam near a disused shaft leading to the main upper tunnel of the Little Ellen. This seam finally led them to the open air near the foot of the mountain, which at this point was not far from the river that roared fiercely down a wild, rugged valley.

As the foremost of the party emerged, a stern command to surrender was heard, and a number of leveled guns met the eye. But it was only the men who had gone round the mountain to, intercept the retreating boss.

"Have ye seen any one pass this way?" demanded Blue Dave, anxiously.

"Nary a soul, and what is more, there are no fresh tracks about here, except what we make ourselves."

"Are you sure of that?" queried Denver Dick.

"Well, we're not eggxactly blind, and I rather guess we're right. Hey, fellows! Ain't I givin' 'em straight goods?"

"You air thet. And wot's more, it rained a day or two back, and wiped out all the old tracks, ef there was any, and the 'arth is clean."

"Then it is your opinion, my friends," remarked Dick Gentry, "that Red Murdoch and his prisoners have not passed out this way?"

"Prezackly, my friend. Where the dowse he and his crowd have got to is what gets us."

"Stay! There is a shaft leading up to the main tunnel of the new mine. Casey, you and Blue Dave come back with me."

"Wot's the rest of us to do, Mr. Gentry!" exclaimed one of the men. "Stan' eround here like a passel of durned igiots?"

"I was coming to that, my friends. Suppose you divide yourselves, this time into three parties. Four or five of you can watch the upper and lower outlets. Let the rest ascend to the main tunnel of the new mine, and while some search the upper mine thoroughly, let others return to the town and see what has taken place there."

"Then you think they may have doubled on us?" queried one.

"I do not know, but am merely taking precautions against such a possibility. If I do not find them down here nor you in the upper tunnel we will be governed by circumstances. If we do find them, let every one come, when firing is heard, where ever it is."

In accordance with these dispositions Denver Dick, accompanied by Casey and Blue Dave, returned through the seam or passage to the old lower working, which they searched more thoroughly than before, but without finding anything of importance.

The Colorado Sport also examined the shaft leading to the new upper tunnel and saw that it could not be ascended from below. Then the three made their way back to the chasm at the entrance to the first passage where Denver Dick made his first leap.

"I confess I am puzzled," began the Sport. "Red Murdoch certainly understands how to hide his tracks—hello!"

"Phwhere's the bloody plank?" exclaimed the Irishman.

"Wot's the matter wid yer eyes?" said Dave. "There she be."

"We left it on this side," declared Denver Dick. "Now, it is on the other. Does that savor of witchcraft, friends?"

"None av yer shenanigan, Mr. Gintry," quoth Casey. "Who should a left it over there but thim as last used it, Oi'd loike ter know?"

"And they were probably Red Murdoch and his party. I see it now. We hurried too much when we first passed through, and missed them as they lay concealed in one of these branch chambers. Yet it is a wonder neither of the Bryants gave us some sign, for we must have passed near them."

"It's little av a soign Oi would make wid the barrel av a loaded pishtol clapped ag'in' me head, knowin' thot the minut I did thot same Oi'd be drawin' me last breath."

"I guess you are right, Casey. The poor old man and the half-crazed girl are doubtless too badly frightened to do aught but obey the commands of that villain. Hang him, I wish I had my grip on his cursed throat."

The Colorado Sport's eye flashed in the lantern's light, for he was beginning to hate the cruel boss of Telluride in a manner that boded ill for the latter should the two ever meet again.

"I will have to make the leap again, I guess," ventured Gentry. "We must get out of this."

At this moment a muffled shouting was heard, and presently a man appeared on the other side of the chasm, who at once handed the plank across.

"The old Harry's broke loose in town," he said. "They've sent me to tell ye all to hurry back."

"Then Murdoch has returned, I suppose, while we were fooling about the lower opening," remarked Denver Dick, who from the moment he had noted the changed position of the plank suspected that the boss had doubled on them in some way. "Push on, men."

Having crossed the chasm, the four hurried up the slope of the seam until the old upper working was reached, where they met others of the party all hurrying to the shaft that opened by the hotel.

Nobody appeared to know what was wrong in town, except to suppose it to be owing to a sudden bold ruse on the part of Murdoch to regain command of the place while so many of the citizens were away searching in vain below.

Shooting was going on above, and as the party approached the foot of the old shaft several shots were fired from above and one of the men below was severely wounded.

"Four of you remain here," ordered Denver Dick, to whom every one tacitly loooked for a leader. "Conceal yourselves and fire when any one shows himself at the mouth of the shaft. Day is breaking and you can see them better than they can see you. Follow me, the rest."

So saying, he turned and sought the passage leading back to the cellar of Murdoch's house, with the other men behind him, save those left at the foot of the shaft. As they drew near he cautioned silence and stealth.

"We may find a guard at the cellar hole," explained Gentry. "If we do, I desire to overcome him without making a noise."

"And what for so?" queried Casey, loquaciously.

"Well, that house and cellar are Murdoch's, are they not?"

"Roight ye are. But phwat do thot prove?"

"If Murdoch and his gang have really returned upon their tracks, while we were fooling away our time down near the river, what is more likely than that he will make his own house his stronghold?"

"Ye want to droive him out, thin?"

"Possibly. At any rate, I want to rescue the Bryants?"

"I hov it, man. Whin we get in the cellar, shuppose we stick fire to the place and shmoke the ould fox clane out."

"And run the risk of burning up your own hotel as well? Think once more, friend Casey."

"Sure, Oi think all this rukus hov confused me intilleck. Heave ahead, sorr, and don't moind me in the laste."

Great silence was observed as the party drew near the cellar end of the passage, while all the lanterns but one were put out, and the remaining light turned low; then they all stopped to listen.

"Remain here, friends," whispered the Denver Sport. "From the sounds above I thing the fighting, if any is still going on, must be in the immediate neighborhood of this place."

"Perhaps they're dhrivin' the boss back, for we surely left some good min behind."

"He built thet shebang himself," commented Blue Dave. "And he put it up so as to stand a good siege, they say."

"Phwat are we to do here?" asked Casey. "And phwat are ye goin' to do your own silf?"

"I said before, that if a sentry has been stationed at the cellar hole, we ought to get him out of the way without making a noise."

"And you perpose undertakin' a conthract av thot size all by yer lone silf?"

"I really think it would be best for me to undertake the job."

"Sure, me fri'nd! But not by yoursilf. Just count Dan Casey in. Whist! Oi'll be as silint as the grave and as shlippery as a shnake."

Gentry would have remonstrated further, but fearing that they might be overheard, and deeming it wisest not to further delay, he crept forward, leaving Casey to follow or not as he saw fit.

When within ten feet of the cellar hole he turned and intimated silently that the other must remain still, then crept forward as stealthily as a cat when slipping upon its prey.

The hole and the cellar beyond was in darkness nor had the Colorado Sport heard any sound to indicate that any one had been posted there. Breathing very softly, he peered through the hole, but the intervening packing cases shut out all but the merest glimmer of light that filtered through a narrow window on the other side of the cellar, a sign that the dawn was at hand.

Cautiously the Denver Sport crept through the hole and crouched behind a packing case, but as he raised his head to look over the obstruction, he heard a sound and his eye caught the dim moving of a shadow beyond.

"Who comes——" began a voice in abrupt tones, but the sentence was never finished.

Aware that a shot and an alarm would swiftly follow, Denver Dick sprang up and grappled the unknown by the throat, bearing him backward to the earth in an inexorable grip.

CHAPTER XIV.

GENTRY IN A TRAP.

The throttled man attempted to give an alarm, but his cry died in his throat, for the grasp of the Colorado Sport was not to be withstood.

Casey, hearing the scuffle, hurried forward and tore up his own coat to make bonds with which to tie the man.

A gag was also improvised, and presently they had the fellow both speechless and helpless at their feet.

"Bring up the others," said Gentry, "while I inspect the cellar and ascertain how we stand."

When the lights came, along with the rest of the party, the vanquished man was discovered to be Burl Yates, who scowled impotently upon his enemies, then made signs to Denver Dick, intimating that if the gag were removed and he was permitted to speak, he had something interesting to communicate.

"Shpake, would ye," quoth Casey. "I know ye, Burl Yates. Ye owe me two dollars for dhrinks that ye'll niver pay. Bad luck to ye! It's little good we'll get out av anything we'll hear out av you."

"Perhaps we might risk it," said Denver Dick. "I see no harm."

Accordingly the gag was removed and at the same time the Colorado Sport pointed his pistol at the fellow's head, saying:

"Ef you try to shout or raise an alarm it will be your last word in this world, so govern yourself accordingly."

"D'ye see that door?" said Yates, nodding toward another part of the cellar. "That one under the stairs, I mean."

"It is a stout-looking affair," commented Gentry. "Is it locked?"

"Aye, that it is, and behind it is enough powder to blow up this house and all in it. If I were out of it I wouldn't care how quick the boss touched off the fuse."

"And wreck the Tilluride House, too, bedad!" cried Casey, angrily. "But phwat d'ye mean by such talk as thot?"

"I mean just this and no more. Here I be in your hands, and if ye mean to slit my gullet I can't help it; but if not, I would rather not have this house blown up while I'm here."

"And who is going to blow up the house?" asked Gentry.

"The boss of Telluride as soon as he finds out you are all in here."

"And I suppose if I hadn't blocked your game by downing you on your post, that you would have hurried off to let him know?"

"Why shouldn't I? I'm his man, I reckon. Before you'd have smashed the upstairs door we'd have skipped by the back way and the house would have gone up like a rocket."

"Do you mean that Murdoch would fire the fuse, blow us up, and risk setting the whole town afire?" queried Denver Dick, sternly.

"The town's turned ag'in' us. Why should we care a cuss?"

"Gag him again, boys. If there is any blowing up done he shall remain here to receive the full benefit. And now let us see what we can do about getting out of this hole."

The door at the head of the stairs was fast, of course, but a heavy beam, one of several used to place barrels upon, was picked up by all hands, in obedience to Gentry's directions, while the face of Yates, as he lay dumb and helpless, turned deathly pale, for he was shaking with dread.

Gentry had examined the door and was of the opinion that one or two strong blows with the scantling would batter it down and enable them to reach their enemies upstairs before Murdoch, were he really so disposed, could accomplish his fell design.

Overhead they could hear the trampling of heavy feet, while a desultory firing was still kept up, though what the condition of affairs outside was, those in the cellar could not tell.

"Now, boys," cried Denver Dick, taking hold himself. "All together! One, two, three!"

The first blow of the heavy beam tore loose the lower bolt, the second ripped off a hinge besides splintering the panels, the third sent the whole structure flying against the opposite wall of the passage.

"Up with you, boys!" called the Colorado Sport, taking the lead himself. "Keep an eye out for the Bryants. If you see any one try to fire a fuse, shoot him down at once."

With the first loud shock of the beam against the door, the scuffle of feet overhead appeared to grow more distant, and when Denver Dick and his men emerged into a large room on the first floor, now pretty well lighted by the rising sun, they were woefully disappointed.

Not a hostile force was in sight.

"Scatter, men!" shouted the leader. "They must be somewhere about."

Some unbolted the outer doors, letting in those of their own side who had been maintaining a siege after having driven Murdoch and his gang from the streets.

Others ran upstairs, only to find that their enemies appeared to have escaped from the house entirely.

"Where the divil can they have got to?"

queried Casey. "And the poor gintlemin and his gurrl still out av sight as well."

The house was searched from top to bottom, but aside from a dead body or two, betokening the deadly nature of the previous fight on the street, neither Red Murdoch nor his gang nor his prisoners were to be seen.

The Colorado Sport was satisfied that this last disappearance foreshadowed some new move on the part of the wily boss, whose shrewdness Gentry was forced to admire, even while he abhorred the villainy of the man.

While the others were scattered through the upper part of the house he opened the door of a sort of closet that appeared to be vacant, but as he was about to withdraw he suddenly became suspicious of a curtain which hung in one corner as if it had been placed there as a screen for clothing.

Behind this screen nothing appeared but the naked wall of wood, and Gentry was again on the point of turning away when a sound not unlike a groan met his ear. It was faint and apparently at a distance, and what was perplexing, appeared to come from below.

"Can it be Yates in the cellar?" he thought. "But, no; the noise is from a somewhat different direction."

He examined the wainscotted wall more closely, but as far as he could discover, nothing but the smooth nailed surface of the wood was revealed

Drawing aside the curtain to let in more light he gave a final glance around, when happening to look downward his eye brightened.

"If that is not a trap door, I'm a sinner!" he ejaculated.

Kneeling down, he heard certain sounds more distinctly than before that resolved themselves into human speech.

"It is the Bryants," concluded Denver Dick, wrenching up the trap with an ax that he had picked up, until he could insert his hand under the edge, when exerting his strength, he threw open the door, disclosing a dark space below and a narrow ladder leading into the obscurity.

"Is that you, Mr. Bryant?" asked the Colorado Sport, for though he could hear he could see nothing below.

"Who speaks?" replied a weak voice. "Ellen, who is it that has come to let a little light into this dreary place?"

"Is that you, Mr. Gentry?" said the girl. "Yes; it is I. And glad I am to find you once more. I will come down and help you up——"

"Will you?" interrupted a sneering voice behind the Colorado Sport. "Let me assist you a little."

Denver Dick recognized the tones, but before he could turn, he was pushed violently through the trap-door and plunged downward, head first.

CHAPTER XV.

RED MURDOCH'S PLANS.

The voice was that of Red Murdoch and his sneering countenance peered down upon his victims for an instant, while an evil smile parted his thin lips.

Though the distance was considerable, Dick Gentry saved himself from injury by throwing out his hands and he alighted a little dazed, but free from bodily harm.

"I would have shot you," said Murdoch, who had already pulled up the light ladder, but I intend you for another fate. Do not think that you can run me out of this town and escape yourself."

So saying, he closed the trap-door and they heard him roll a very heavy bureau, which stood near, upon it, leaving Denver Dick and his friends in total darkness, conscious that they were imprisoned and in a state of apparent helplessness.

This strange maneuver had been accomplished through the singular construction of the house, which was full of secret passages and more than one small hidden apartment. Red Murdoch had built the house to suit his own dark purposes, having brought hither strange workmen from distant places and upon the completion of the task had paid their way to other states.

Casey and the rest of Gentry's men were still engaged in searching the upper story, when the Denver Sport entered the closet-like room where he had found the trap-door.

The eyes of the boss of Telluride were upon him at this moment, and pressing a secret spring, the wainscoting in the wall of the larger adjacent room opened and Murdoch came forth, followed by all those of his gang that still remained faithful, save Burl Yates, who lay bound and gagged below.

It may be said here, that, owing to their superior knowledge of the old mine workings and the secret passages below, and through the use of chloroform, they had managed not only to waylay and abduct both father and daughter, but also to avoid an encounter with the superior forces now arrayed against the boss, with the exception of the casual skirmishing on the street, which had finally driven them into Murdoch's house.

But for Denver Dick's dextrous surprise of Burl Yates, an entrance would hardly have been effected, so strong was the house and so well adapted to defensive purposes.

Murdoch had placed the Bryants for safekeeping in a specially constructed underground dungeon immediately adjoining the cellar where Yates had been stationed, but separated from the same by a thick wall.

After precipitating Gentry into this hole, withdrawing the ladder and fastening down the trap-door, Murdoch turned back to his men.

"Get inside the secret corridor again," he ordered. "I have changed my plan. Go, all of you, to the Devil's Stairs. Have the boat ready and wait for me there."

"How about Burl Yates?" asked one man. "We oughtn't ter leave him, had we?"

"Leave him? Yes; it was through the cellar where he was on guard that they broke into the house. He may be dead, but if he is alive, let him perish in the ruins of this house for not stopping them or giving warning."

Some of the men grumbled, but Murdoch pushed them back. He had already fastened the outside doors to keep people from entering from the street, but the searchers in the upper story and attic were liable to return at any minute; indeed, they were sure not to be absent long.

The wainscoting closed with a snap and the boss was, for the moment, alone; but he already heard the descending steps of some of those who were shouting, laughing, and overturning the furniture above, and he darted into his own bed room—a small apartment to the rear of this larger one.

Here another concealed door opened at his touch, disclosing a perpendicular ladder leading into darkness below. The boss snatched up a small safety lantern which he lighted; then examined a curious-looking cord, as it seemed to be, that clung to the wall near the ladder

"It is in good order," he said to himself. "A touch of the match and in a few minutes this house and all in it will be in kingdom come, if there is such a place, which I greatly doubt. But it is not enough that Gentry, who has foiled me, and the Bryants, who stand between me and wealth, are to be blown up. I must acquaint them of their fate and enjoy their fears before I send them where they will trouble me no more. After the fuse is lighted, I will skip out by the secret passage to the rear. Then good-by to what will be left of Telluride. Confound them, I hope the last house will go!"

After uttering this charitable wish he closed the secret door, and descended the ladder which placed him in a queerly-shaped closet under the cellar stairs where lay a barrel and several kegs. Into the head of the barrel ran the fuse that led up the wall, while the kegs were close about.

Red Murdoch made a brief examination of these, then producing a key, unlocked a small door which opened into the main cellar.

This very spirited story of adventures in the far West will be brought to a conclusion in next week's Ledger. Our fine patterns and cameras are still being offered free to all subscribers to the Ledger, as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

To Remove Caterwauls.

Dear Sir: To eliminate caterwauls without kiling the cat/ I suggest the following:

First, get a German germologist. He should have whiskers like a primeval thicket; he must be so near-sighted that he wears two pairs of "specs" and can't see anything without smelling of it, and can't tell where he is until he has been there five minutes. Then get the germologist to furnish an anti-wauling virus, with which inoculate the cat. An attempt to caterwaul will result in a cataleptic fit which won't come off till the sun is two hours high. This is for cats. For kittens, have them suggestively hypnotized by a Servian sausage-maker, preferably one of the Skinacatovitch family.

A peacock will quit hollering if its tail is cut off. In the case of a cat the tail should be severed just back of the ears. This will not hurt the cat if done properly, and with a scimiter. If you have no scimiter you can get one from Turkey in two weeks by cabling for it, and the entire cost will not exceed $300.

A Fellow Martyr.

A Young Anatomist.

Some days ago two little fellows of 7 and 8 years heard older people speaking of skeletons. The 7-year-old boy listened intently to the conversation, when the elder boy, with an air of superior knowledge, said, abruptly.

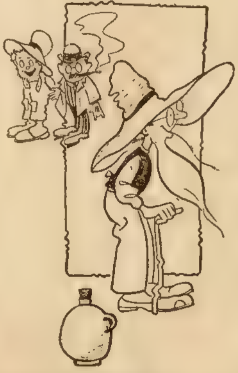
"You don't know what a skeleton is, and I do."

"So do I!" replied the younger. "I do know. I know for certain, I do!"

"Well, now, what is it?"

"It's bones with the people off!"

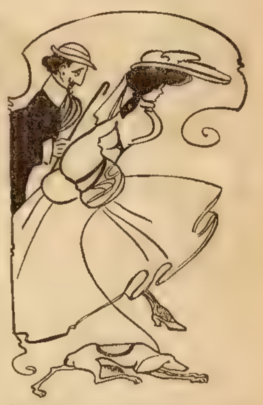
A Mere Child.



Stranger—That man seems very cheerful. Is he your oldest inhabitant?

Native—Who, him? Ther oldest inhabitant? Naw. That's only Jabe Perkins, an' he's tickled 'cause his gran'pap's goin' ter take him to ther circus terday.

A Pace Setter.



She—Oh, dear, I wish I were home, I'm so tired

He—Well, if you could keep up with the front of your hat you'd be there by this time.

Embracing the Opportunity.

The other night, when one of the young men of Moore, with his best girl, was driving home, the conversation drifted to the subject of fortune-telling. The young man asked her if she believed in palmistry. She looked at him with a dove-like expression upon her face and said:

"I think I could foretell more pleasure if I could see the lines in one of your hands."

The young man remained in deep thought until several miles had been traveled, when an expansive smile illumined his face, he took the lines in one hand and grasped the situation.

Queer, Isn't It?

At breaking all the rules of speech
Fair woman is majestic.
She hires an imported girl
And calls her a domestic.

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BOYS AND GIRLS CORNER

Adrift on a Junk;

Or, Boy Sailors of the China Sea.

By St. George Rathborne.

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CHAPTER III.

THE TERRIBLE NEW MATE.

It was very pleasant for Julian to realize that he had made such good and true friends in this foreign port, and the offer of Captain Baxter just suited him, always providing the nose of the Wanderer was to be turned toward the south, for it was in that quarter his mission lay.

Frankly he thanked the skipper for his proposition, and stated that when he shipped it must be on a vessel that had some destination between Hongkong and Singapore, as he had particular reasons for wishing to visit the coast of lower China and Siam.

"Then there's nothing to prevent you joining us, lad, for I'm aiming that way and hope to bring up at Calcutta later on, if my blessed crew don't run away with the whole bloody outfit before. In forty years on the sea I never saw such trouble to pick up able men—the scum of the earth has certainly taken to sailoring these days. What say, youngster, do you go?"

"And jump at the chance," declared Julian, whereat the irresponsible Bob gave vent to a whoop, and started to dance his usual jig, which appeared to be his ordinary method of showing enthusiasm, for no one paid the least attention to his eccentricities.

"I'm real glad, too," said Tressie, "for I want to show you some time that because I'm a girl is no reason I should be afraid of everything," which remark brought out a roar from her indulgent dad, who, it was plain to be seen worshipped the girl, in whom his sun rose and set—he might be as hard as flint with an unruly crew, and knock men about as though they were tenpins, but a word from her lips softened his temper amazingly.

The cook announced supper at this opportune minute, and Captain Baxter invited Julian to join them at the evening meal. Bobby Kettles turned out to be a cousin seven times removed of Tressie, and seemed to enjoy certain privileges on board the brig in that he ate with the officers, and had duties part of the time of a clerical nature, casting up accounts and the like, although a sailor bred, and ready to take a trick at the wheel, or climb up the shrouds in a howling hurricane, to clear away the wreck of spars above.

It was by long odds the most delightful meal Julian had eaten since parting from his loved ones at home, now some months back—the fare was not on the Delmonico order, just the plain and palatable stuff one would expect to find on a vessel of this character—it was not that, but the flow of spirits that charmed the lonely boy and made him feel his lines had indeed been cast in pleasant places.

All arrangements were speedily made between the captain and himself, for upon examining the young fellow, the skipper found him well up in navigation, and quite fitted to take the place of his late mate, Pandy Crump.

This was a sudden rise in the world, and something which Julian had not dreamed of securing; he was of the opinion that the extreme scarcity of decent men had more to do with his promotion than any personal fitness on his part.

It set him to thinking, too, for the captain had pointed out to him how his search, as he had planned to make it, was like looking for a needle in a haystack, since he could not go where he wished, and where there seemed to be the best chance of finding those prisoners kept by the Chinese buccaneers. Now, if he only had money enough to charter a small vessel, the whole coast could be searched with a drag-net, just as they pick up oysters in these days; and the desired end accomplished; it might be better for him to wait until he had earned enough to do the thing properly, much as he disliked the idea of procrastination, when every day might mean continued mental torture and perhaps bodily pain to the parent he had loved so dearly.

Julian promised to come on board in the morning with his bundle, and after Tressie had slyly whispered something in her father's ear, he laughed and insisted upon his new mate accepting an advance of wages, which might come in handy in the purchase of articles needed on the cruise.

When he went ashore in the boat of Kwang Chow, who had persisted in waiting all this while, so that their dialogue might be continued on the way, Julian felt more light of heart than since leaving home; it is always a pleasant thing to make new friends, who take an interest in one's welfare especially with a lad far from his own roof tree; and Julian blessed the lucky chance that led him to the scene of disturbance in time to assist the beleaguered ones; why, he even felt something akin to gratitude toward that ruffian, Mate Crump, since, but for his desire for revenge it seemed doubtful whether he would have ever met Bob—and Tressie.

More than ever he detested the noisy and filthy neighborhood in which his cheap apartment was located after his meal at the neat table on board the brig, and with such a little fairy across from him, the recollection of the fourth rate restaurant where he had been in the habit of getting his food, and its grimy occupants sent a genuine shudder through him, so that he sighed with genuine relief to think it was all over with

In the morning he packed his few belongings, and purchased some things of a character to prove useful to him while aboard the brig, after which he employed a coolie to carry the entire outfit down to the spot haunted by the almond-eyed boatman who had taken such a deep fancy to the manly young chap.

He glanced out on the harbor, and received a shock on making the discovery that the cruiser swung at her anchor as usual, but the brig had gone.

Was it then all a cruel dream? Had he deceived himself? Could it be there was no Captain Baxter, no merry Bob, no gentle, blue-eyed Tressie?

He looked around ruefully enough, almost overwhelmed by the seeming disaster, and then he suddenly laughed aloud, for his gaze had fallen on the patient coolie, standing there with his bundles and awaiting orders. He immediately thrust a hand into his trousers pocket and set to jingling numerous loose coins there; here was demonstrative evidence that the events of the preceding night could not have been in the nature of a dream, for at the time two shillings had constituted the total amount of his worldly possessions, while now he was rattling more than a dozen; and besides, had he not spent half a pound on various articles contained in those bundles?

The Wanderer had changed her anchorage for some reason or other, that was all—a common occurrence with all vessels in a harbor, and another scrutiny must disclose her new whereabouts.

Sure enough, there she lay yonder, with her blunt nose pointed seaward, as though yearning to once more buffet the great billows and plow her way through the foamy waste of waters under which some day she might expect to find a grave, like most of her kind.

How fresh everything seemed this morning; doubtless there had been others when the breeze held just as much ozone and the gulls fluttered as gaily over the water, and when the sun shone quite as brightly; but Julian thought this outclassed everything he could remember since striking the old capital of the Chinese coast pirates. Of course, it was because his spirits ran so high, and he exulted in the good fortune that had so suddenly swooped down upon him.

Kwang was on deck, just as if he never slept, and when he saw the bundle which the coolie carried to his boat his countenance clouded over, for he realized that he was about to lose his young friend, who could understand everything he said, and make himself plain in return.

He made slow progress toward the brig and pretended he was having more or less trouble with a villainous tide, when in truth it set in his favor pretty much all the way; but Julian understood the signs, and, indeed, he, too, was a bit sorry over the parting, since the quaint Kwang had amused him not a little during their intercourse.

His thoughts were principally fixed upon what the indefinite future might hold in store for him; and as he was both young and in good health, it may be safely assumed that where the chances might have appeared desperate enough to an older person, they were rosy-tinted to such a sanguine temperament.

Approachnig the brig, he discovered the flutter of something white over the rail, and when even Kwang laughed he decided that it would be better for him to notice and respond to the signal, if such the fluttering kerchief was; so he waved in return, and then saw a little figure jump down and run toward the spot where they were likely to draw alongside.

"I rather think Nan and Floy would fancy her," Julian was saying to himself, while he continued to shake his signal from time to time in response to that which fluttered from the brig.

When he clambered aboard Bob was also on hand to greet him with his usual warm grip and cheery smile, so that on the whole our young friend felt that he was among friends.

Captain Baxter as seen in broad daylight impressed Julian as a character, a typical sailor, who had fought against the many perils of the mighty deep all his life, and was accustomed to meeting storm and wreck and mutiny with somewhat of a stoical front.

He shook hands with the new mate, but it was evident that Julian must not expect to shirk any of his duties because he had been able to do the captain's daughter a favor. This man was a stern disciplinarian, and expected every one on board to do his allotted share of the work; the man who failed to toe the mark would soon feel the weight of his displeasure, and perhaps his heavy fist in the bargain, for he was explosive, and unwilling to take any back talk from his men.

When Julian came to survey the crew he no longer wondered at what the skipper had said concerning them, for certainly never had a more rascally-looking assortment gone out of old Hongkong harbor. They consisted of the very dregs of many nations; there were Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Filipinos, Lascars from far-away islands of the sea, English, Irish, Dutch and one Yankee besides the new mate.

Julian saw them looking him over with sneering faces, as though wondering how such a stripling could ever take the place of that arrant bully, Pandy Crump, whose fist was the size of a small ham, and whose nature it had been to enjoy a fight better than he did his food.

He knew he had a tough proposition before him; but hoped with the backing of the skipper to come out with flying colors. If any of those fellows imagined for a minute that the youngster could not give a good account of himself when pressed to the wall he made the mistake of his life for Julian, as has been said before, came of fighting stock, and his own father had gained some renown in the navy during the Rebellion, while the ancestors of Washington's time were fierce Continentals who shed their blood at Monmouth, Valley Forge and in camp and battle throughout the whole eight years of warfare.

He believed in going as far as any man to keep the peace; but if trouble were forced upon him he also knew how to take care of himself.

Once he chanced to notice his good friend Kwang Chow in eager conversation with the captain who took him down into the stuffy little cabin. When the boatman pulled away it was without saying good-by to Julian, which the other thought rather inconsiderate of him, though the subject was speedily dismissed from his mind because of his manifold duties.

It was no sinecure he had taken hold of, and the difficulties multiplied as he came more and more in contact with the ugly crew, so that it became quite evident that some one must be taught a lesson, either by the skipper or himself.

Julian was not sure of his ability to thrash any one of the unruly spirits with whom he expected to be thrown, but he was willing to try it if necessary, since kind words went very little toward ruling such characters.

Captain Baxter saw how the situation lay and knew something must be done if he wished to get any good out of the new mate; so he had Julian in his cabin, and insisted upon him carrying a revolver in his back pocket, where its butt would peep out occasionally in a manner more suggestive of Wild Western methods than life upon the blue sea.

Later on Julian began to notice quite a radical change in the deportment of the crew, for men who had been sneering at any order he chose to give, now hastened to jump when he sang out, and eyed him with curiosity mingled with respect, all of which was a deep mystery to him, however gratifying the change, until Bob Kettles let the cat out of the bag.

Under the skipper's orders, it seems, he had circulated among the members of the polyglot crew tremendous tales regarding the recklessness of the new mate, what terrible deeds he had committed, and how he was a champion shot with the pistol which he always carried about with him. Julian never heard of these wonderful yarns, but even that was enough to make him shiver when by chance he repeated his own name, and he wondered if it would not yet go down in history linked with that of gentle Captain Kidd

The day passed slowly, and as night drew near preparations were begun to leave the harbor when one more lighter of goods had been delivered and stowed away. Julian had little love for old Hongkong, and would not grieve when he had turned down this page in his book of experience; his whole heart was wrapped up in what the unknown future held for him, and how earnestly he yearned to pierce the veil that obscured coming events, though the chances seemed to be heavily against anything like success;

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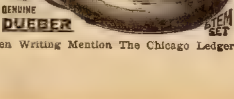

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still there were times when he allowed himself to picture the home-coming of the dear one, and the joyous welcome from those who waited so anxiously across the great sea.

The captain went ashore to get his papers cleared, and preparations meanwhile continued looking to a speedy departure.

A thousand lights had sprung into existence ashore, until it seemed like a glimpse of fairy-land, with moving lanterns on the water as boats glided to and fro, now skirting the side of the brig and anon circling around, until at last the hail of the skipper's lusty voice told that the hour had come.

CHAPTER IV.

DOWN THE CHINESE COAST.

When the anchor had been "catted," and the brig began to move under the combined influence of wind and tide, so that the mystic lights of old Hongkong were left astern, Julian, having been relieved of his position as officer of the deck, leaned over the rail and looked toward the slowly receding city.

Many thoughts were passing through his brain just then, for he believed he had arrived at an important epoch in his career, the parting of the ways, so to speak, and that the immediate future was full of promise.

Then again, other things interested him He remembered that it was from this same historical harbor that Admiral Dewey had sailed, or rather steamed with his White Squadron that was, to search for the Spanish fleet, with orders to sink the same when found, which directions he carried out to the letter, as the world knows, in Manila Bay.

He also thought of the new friends whom a kindly fortune had thrown in his way, and once again in his heart thanked his lucky stars for such a happening.

By degrees the vessel distanced the moving lights in the harbor, and the possibility of running down some wandering sampan whose crew might be negligent in the duty of keeping a sharp lookout, grew less.

Somehow, Julian's thoughts traveled back a bit, and he felt a mild curiosity concerning the phantom native boat that he had discovered creeping along the side of the brig earlier in the evening, just after darkness set in, to tell the truth. At the time he had shouted to the Chinos to sheer off believing they must be looking for some rope to purloin, after the fashion of their breed, since nothing seems too small for the thieves of China and India. He wondered whether the coming of the sampan could have had any other mission, and then dismissed the thought with a laugh, since stowaways seldom picked out vessels officered by such a driver as Baxter was known to be.

This incident was brought forcibly to his mind later on by events that had a direct bearing on it.

As they drew further out of the harbor, and the light breeze began to get a better sweep at the sails, their progress increased, until the usual gurgle of churning water under the blunt bows began to make itself manifest in a way that pleased the ear of one who loved the sea.

Even at this early stage of the voyage Julian understood that there was a fair chance for trouble sooner or later with that crew—their actions were suspicious, and the only thing that would have any bearing upon the subject of peace in the forecastle would be the fear they entertained toward Baxter.

As for the captain himself, he had such utter confidence in his ability to subdue the unruly element in any crew, that he held their mutterings in contempt, which, according to Julian's philosophy, was not very wise of him.

Now, it might just as well be understood thus early in the day, that, while this yarn may properly be called a story of the sea, it is not a sea story in the full sense of the term. No matter what ordinary experience a man may enjoy upon sailing craft, and how the love for salt water permeates every fiber of one's being, it is reserved to but few favored mortals to be able to do full justice to the poetry of the ocean; and let us be content, therefore, to leave such things to the wonderful pens of a Clark Russell or a Cutliffe Hyne, past masters in the art.

Long Julian stood there lost in thought, and he was aroused finally by a voice at his elbow, relating to him in wonderful pidgin-English how supper was being served in the cabin.

He whirled around and was not a little staggered to discover before him the sober face of Kwang Chow, his boatman friend of the harbor.

Strangely enough his first thought was that in some remarkable manner, the slant-eyed Celestial had been carried away to sea against his will, for it will be remembered that Julian had had some little experience with the press gang in Hongkong, though, of course, it was not known under that name, for in these enlightened days such a thing as shanghaing is not supposed to be practiced anywhere.

Then he noticed a sly gleam of humor in the corner of Kwang's eye, or was it about his puckered-up mouth? At any rate, the truth flashed upon him, and impulsively he stuck out his hand toward the Mongolian.

When a fellow gives up his home and embarks upon a ship which is commanded by a captain known for his severity, and all because he has taken a fancy for you, it matters not that his skin is yellow, or even black for that part, the act of devotion seems overwhelming; and Julian squeezed the slender digits with the long curved nails that advanced to meet his own strong hand, with a feeling he did not attempt to disguise.

Now he understood all about the conversation which Kwang had held with the captain, and that the latter had taken him down to the cabin in order that he sign the papers after his own fashion.

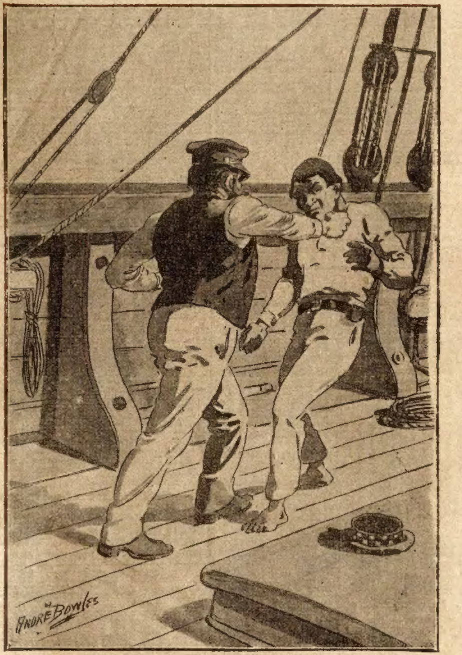
He was to assist the cook and wait upon the table, besides doing a multitude of other things in an emergency.

"You come aboard with captain?" Julian asked, for at the time he had chanced to be busy in another section and therefore failed to witness the arrival of Baxter.

Kwang replied in the affirmative, which settled that question, though it did not relieve Julian's mind concerning the designs of those in the sampan that had scraped along the entire length of the brig.

It was cheery enough in the cabin, and the captain seemed in a fair humor now that his troubles were over, cargo and clearance papers had been closed for a season at least.

Bob was as full of humor as ever, and even Tressie seemed desirous of adding to the gaiety of the occasion, for her blue eyes fairly scintillated with roguishness and



The hot-blooded skipper laid him out.

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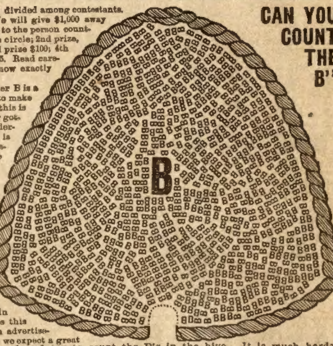

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CAN YOU COUNT THE B's

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This hive is full of B's. Each letter B is a type and the type is mixed up so as to make the B's hard to count. We think this is the best puzzle contest we have ever gotten up. It is an easy puzzle to understand but a hard one to count. It is simple, so there is no chance for misunderstanding. In case two or more persons should answer correctly, then the $500 will be divided equally among those sending in the correct answer. The other prizes will be treated the same way; that is, if there are two or more entitled to any one prize, then the cash is equally divided. This contest will close on Monday evening, August 31, 1903, at midnight. All answers sent in between now and then will be entitled to compete. This bee hive puzzle is gotten up for the purpose of advertising the WOMAN'S WORLD and making it popular in every home. Every person who sees this bee hive puzzle will know it is an advertisement for the WOMAN'S WORLD, and we expect a great many thousand persons will read and try to count the B's in the hive. It is much harder to count the B's than you think, but any one who is patient and goes at the matter carefully has a good chance to participate in the cash prizes.

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CONDITIONS.—Any person may enter this puzzle contest, the condition being that a subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD must accompany the count. You can send 25 cents for one year's subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD which entitles you to send one count, or you may send 50 cents for four year's subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD, which will entitle you to four counts. If you are already a subscriber simply state the fact, and the new subscription will be added on to your present subscription. You can send in subscriptions for as many persons as you wish. Every subscription is entitled to one count. The more counts you send in the greater your chances are for winning more than one prize. In many towns a club of five or ten persons get together and each send in subscriptions agreeing that whatever prizes any one of the club may win is to be equally divided. It does not matter where you live nor when your answer is received so long as it is sent in before the closing of this contest. The person living on a farm has just as good a chance as one who lives in the city. At the bottom of this advertisement is a subscription and count blank. Count the number of B's in the hive, and if you send 25 cents, put in the number under the first count. Write in the figure, don't spell the number. If you send in four counts, put figures in each of the four spaces. No one knows the number of B's in the hive. The count will not be made until after the contest closes when each B will be counted by a committee then all the counts sent in by subscribers will be compared and the prizes awarded.

Every subscription we receive will be acknowledged by receipt and copy of the paper as soon as possible. Remember it takes some time to properly enter subscriptions and to take care of the large mail we receive daily, so if you do not hear from us at once, do not be alarmed. No counts can be changed after they have been sent in. If you think you have made a mistake in your first count, it will be necessary to make another subscription. Remit by Post Office or Express Order or registered letter. Remember if you send 25 cents for one year's subscription, write your count in the first space. If you send 50 cents, write a count in each of the four spaces. 25 cents entitles you to one year's subscription and one count and 50 cents entitles you to four year's subscription and four counts.

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she turned from one to another at the table with jokes and questions, keeping them in an uproar.

It seemed very pleasant to our young friend, and he did not care how long the conditions continued, though at times he experienced some qualms of conscience when he remembered the vow he had taken concerning the finding out of the truth about his lost parent; but, then, he had in a measure decided Captain Baxter was right in the plan he had advocated and that the end would be achieved sooner if he set to work and earned enough money to hire a small vessel, in which a cruise along the coast might be made, thus searching closely where under his former plan he would have to make only a superficial examination.

His quarters aboard were fairly comfortable, though lacking in every luxury to which he might have been accustomed at home, where he had been somewhat spoiled by a fond mother and two doting sisters; but then a sensible lad is able and willing to put up with considerable in the line of roughing it, and even calls it a frolic, so that Julian determined he had no cause for complaint, and took things as they came with his usual good nature.

Under a nice wind they made fair progress during the whole night, and as he took his watch on deck Julian felt that he could congratulate himself on carrying out his part of the program with fair success; there seemed to be no reason why he should not, when he had been accustomed to boats since "knee-high to a duck," as he used to declare, and the duties of a mate were not in the least mysteries to him.

The crew still ogled him strangely, and jumped nervously whenever he spoke sharply, though he could not understand why this should be, or why each and every man who came near him kept such close watch on his actions, as if ready to cut and run for it. Indeed, he was sore amazed, when, taking one fellow to task because of some lubberly method of accomplishing a duty at which he had been engaged, and unconsciously placing a hand behind him to draw out his red bandana handkerchief, he heard the blunderer give a screech as of actual bona-fide terror, and plunging backward, disappear in the darkness of the forward deck.

It was all very well to have the respect of those who worked under him; but somehow Julian did not feel entirely at his ease with borrowed plumes, for he considered that sooner or later the truth would be made manifest, or some situation arise whereby he must prove his right to the title of a bully, or let the crew walk over him.

With the rising of the sun the scene was a charming one to a soul that loved marine pictures as did Julian. The waves glistened in the sunlight, as their crests broke into foam under the lively breeze that was now blowing, a troop of porpoises gamboled around the plunging brig, convoying her on her way to the south as though really enjoying the race through the green waters, while far away could be seen a low-lying stretch looking like a cloud upon the horizon, which Julian knew must be the coast of China, back of which lay such wonders as few eyes had ever gazed upon, temples, bazars, kiosks, palaces, markets where the strange products of the Orient were for sale, wide rice or paddy fields, with quaint natives working in the mud the live-long day, millions of toiling people, dressed in costumes that seemed better fitted for the comic opera stage than real life, pagodas filled with all the elements of superstition and idolatry. Julian could imagine these things, after his limited experience among the Celestials, he having taken a trip up the Pearl River from Hongkong to the teeming capital of the south, Canton.

The day passed without any trouble on board, though to Julian it was evident that there was something brewing, if he could judge from the way in which members of the crew got their heads together on the slightest provocation, and seemed to be indulging in mysterious consultations. They performed their allotted tasks, but with a sullenness that was not pleasant to see, and which must have annoyed as well as alarmed most captains; yet when the second mate ventured to hint at such a thing as trouble, he was brought up with a round turn by Captain Baxter, who gave him to understand he was running that ship, and when he wanted any advice from boys he would ask for it.

After that rebuff Julian decided to hold his tongue, and simply keep his eyes open for breakers. It worried him to think of Tressie exposed to the anger of those ruffians, and yet he could not but notice how the little tyrant even ruled in a measure over the rough crew. The scowl would leave a dark face when she drew near, and in more than one instance he saw a fellow who looked only fit to grace the gallows jump to do some little act of courtesy for the child.

While wondering at the power she seemed to exercise over their rough natures it never occurred to Julian that sooner or later this very same influence might be the means of saving human lives from the fury of tigerish dispositions broken loose from all restraint.

Captain Baxter builded better than he knew when he consented to take this sunny-faced daughter with him on his last trip along the China coast; for the disaster that befell the good brig Wanderer would have been of a far more tragic nature had she not been on board.

Julian was very careful not to arouse the hatred of the crew against him, and when he could do so without interfering with the discipline set by the captain, he made things as easy for them as possible, knowing what a dog's life a sailor leads at the best.

Some of them noticed this, and began to have a warm feeling toward the second mate, which fact later on he had cause to remember with gratitude, since it was the means of saving his life.

At this time of year sudden typhoons might be looked for on short notice, and every mariner who left port took all precautions against being overwhelmed by these terrors of the China Sea.

Because Julian had never experienced one was no reason why he should not entertain respect for their power, as storms were pretty much alike in all parts of the world, and he was of the opinion that none could excel a West Indian hurricane fresh from the Windward Islands, and whirling up the Gulf Stream with a velocity of about an hundred miles an hour. He had been caught in a blow of this nature, and thought he knew something about gales.

Still, they told him, these typhoons had many peculiarities of their own that never fail to strike terror to the hearts of those who find themselves and vessels at the mercy of the furious blast, with a cruel lee shore thrusting its rocky fangs out in eager anticipation of finishing their career.

Hence it may be readily understood that Captain Baxter kept an eye on the barometer, and his anxiety concerning the weather was far greater than any thought he gave the crew or the chances of a mutiny.

All that day it continued fair, and the following night was a glorious one, the air being cool and delightful; but with the advent of another sun there came a change which worried the skipper some, for a heaviness seemed to tell of gathering winds sucking all the life out of the atmosphere, and sooner or later he knew the storm was bound to burst upon them; it might be delayed even for days by circumstances, but it surely must come.

Julian kept tab on the glass, but as yet there did not seem to be anything serious threatening them. His experience in these treacherous seas was of short duration, and he could not read the signs in the sky like an ancient mariner of Baxter's style.

Things were growing worse forward, since the men openly grumbled over the tasks which the captain insisted upon; they wanted only an excuse to break out in open mutiny, and in such cases it is never difficult to find one.

Baxter was irritable, and when one of the hybrid mariners openly mouthed some order he received, in an insulting way, the hot-blooded skipper laid him out on the deck with one straight blow from his sledge-hammer fist.

It was the only thing to do under the circumstances, and Julian who had witnessed the act, secretly applauded it, knowing that if overlooked the insult would be repeated on every hand; yet he at the same time deplored the necessity for such stern measures, and as the ruffian was led away by some of his mates, he saw looks exchanged that convinced him the time was near at hand for the suppressed forces to break forth just as a smouldering volcano does.

Another installment of this interesting story of adventure in the far East will appear in next week's Ledger. Each subscriber, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen, is entitled to our free cameras and patterns.

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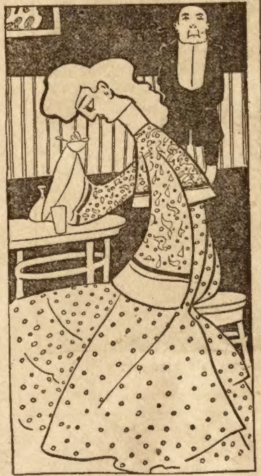

"Ah, but this chocolate is too sweet, waiter."

"But that is the fault of mam'selle. She should not have looked in the cup."

◆

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◆

Mothers Not Allowed to Talk.

Dorcas—Did you have anything to say at your club meeting?

Mrs. Dorcas—Why, of course not. Only the single members were allowed to speak. The debate was on how to bring up a family.

◆

Suitably Punished.

Jack—Tom, I'm in a terrible fix; I'm engaged to three girls.

Tom—Well, that's not exactly a crime.

Jack—No; that's the worst of it. If it were I could go to prison and have some peace.

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Might Think Harder.

[illegible]

Using Dogs as Turnspits.

The turnspit dogs, writes Alice Morse Earle in "Stage-Coach and Tavern Days," were little patient creatures, whose lives were spent in the exquisite tantalization of helping to cook meat, the appetizing odors of which they sniffed for hours without so much as a taste to reward them at the end of their labors.

The summary and inhuman mode of teaching these turnspits their humble duties is described in a book of anecdotes published at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1809. The dog was put into the wheel. A burning coal was placed with him. If he stopped, his legs were burned. That was all. He soon learned his lesson.

It was hard work, for often the great piece of beef was twice the weight of the dog, and took at least three hours' roasting. I am glad to know that these hard-working turn-broaches usually grew shrewd with age, and learned to vanish at the approach of the cook or the appearance of the [illegible]eel.

[illegible] one old-time tavern in New York little [illegible]esse listened daily at the kitchen [illegible] while the orders were detailed [illegible] maids, and he could never be [illegible]tfall on roast-meat days.

◆

[illegible]n Versus Pounds.

[illegible]wise had never seen [illegible]. "This is the place, [illegible]zing out over its blue [illegible]hipping, "where our [illegible] threw that tea [illegible]

[illegible]ty nephew, his eye [illegible]der it stirs you to [illegible]he scene of that historic event. It marked an epoch in the world's history which no patriotic American can recall without a thrill of pride."

"Ye-es," replied Uncle Silas, musingly. "I—I wonder how much the fellers lost who owned that tea."

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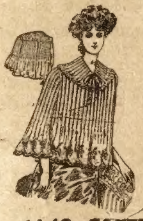

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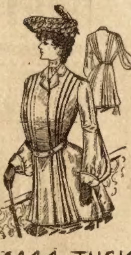

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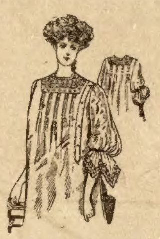

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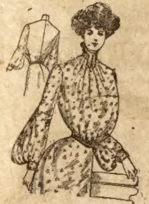

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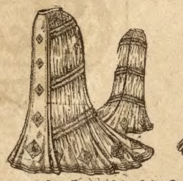

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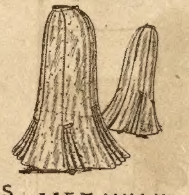

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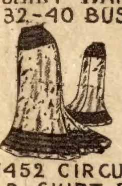

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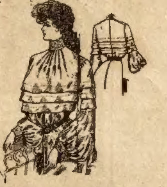

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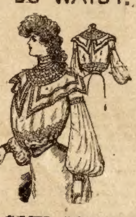

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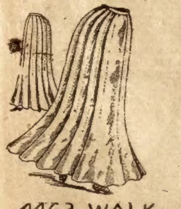

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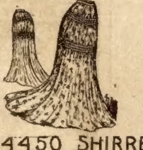

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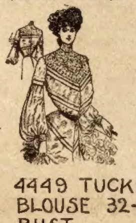

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Her Secret.

Shall I be like grandma when I am old?
  Shall I wear such a queer little bonnet—
No feathers, no posies, but just a plain fold
  With a little white edging upon it?
Shall I sit in the easy chair all the day long?
  With a great ball of wool and a stocking?
Shall I think it quite dreadful for folks to do wrong,
  And dirt and disorder quite shocking?

Just wait till I tell you what grandma once said—
  I hope you won't think me crazy—
It happened one day when they sent me to bed
  For being ill-tempered and lazy.
She came and sat by me and patted my hand,
  And she told me, "There's no use in crying;
It's by stumbling, my pet, that we learn how to stand,
  And we always grow better by trying."

"Was any one ever so wicked as I?"
  I asked her between my sobbing.
Then grandma laughed, just too funny, O, my!
  And her little curls went bobbing.
"Was any one ever so naughty as you?
  "I'm sure that I know of one other."
"Who was it?" I asked, "O, please tell me, do."
  She whispered, "Your own grandmother."

Now, isn't it strange? But of course it is true,
  I can tell you just one thing about it—
She'd not tell a story, whatever she'd do,
  And we'd only be silly to doubt it.
But, of course, I feel certain you never will tell,
  For how perfectly dreadful 'twould be
To have people know who all love her so well,
  That grandma was ever like me!

How Little Agnes Triumphed.

Little Agnes went to Sunday school with her big brother and sister, but was considered too young to do all that the others did; this hurt her dignity very much, and she decided to astonish them some day with her learning. She certainly did astonish them.

One Sunday the superintendent asked the pupils to recite a Bible verse that woul[illegible] be appropriate as a yearly motto. One [illegible] another the older children recited [illegible] ful texts, then the superintendent [illegible]

"I do not suppose any of the [illegible] has a verse?" Up went Agnes' [illegible]

"You may recite yours," sm[illegible] superintendent. Agnes solem[illegible] in a voice that thrilled [illegible] claimed:

There was a young m[illegible]
Who sat on the st[illegible]
  When asked how [illegible]
  She said she was [illegible]
But otherwise feeli[illegible]

The older brother a[illegible] lapsed from shame, b[illegible] intendent said without [illegible] smile:

"I think the sentiment in [illegible] very instructive. Kate was no[illegible] brave girl for sitting out ther[illegible] was scared, but she was cheerfu[illegible] selfish in making the best of it [illegible] others."

After that, little Agnes was consider[illegible] quite old enough to recite verses.

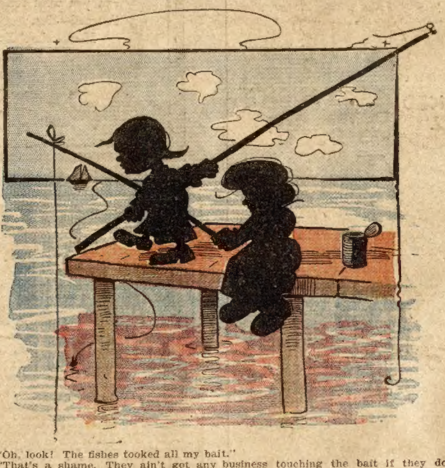
The Little Girl's "Piece."

This "true story" comes from Maine. It occurred at a meeting of the Sunday school in one of the Waterville churches. Just before the classes were to be excused the superintendent asked if there was any one present that would like to make any remarks or ask any questions, says the Lewiston Journal. All was still for a moment, and then a little tot of 5 years said: "I'd like to speak a piece." "Very well, my little miss, you shall speak a piece." The little girl walked slowly down the aisle, and, taking a position directly in front of the altar, made a neat bow and said:

There was a jolly wobbin who kept his head a bobbin'
  As he gobbled up a big fat worm;
And he said: "I've eat forty-two brothers, and a half dozen others,
  And golly, how it tickles when they squirm!"

The little girl bowed, and amid laughter and applause returned to a seat beside her mother.

A MEAN TRICK



"Oh, look! The fishes tooked all my bait."

"That's a shame. They ain't got any business touching the bait if they don't want to get caught. It ain't fair."

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Small Child—Mamma, what kind of a gizzard does God love?

Mamma—You mustn't speak of God in that way.

Small Child—Well, in Sunday school they say God loves a cheerful gizzard.

—

"I'd hate to be a hen," said 4-year-old Bobby, who was visiting in the country.

"Why, dear?" asked his grandma.

"'Cause," replied the little fellow, "I'd have to lay eggs and I don't know how."

—

"Papa," said small Tommy, "does mamma love you more than she does me?"

"Of course not, Tommy," replied the father.

"Well, I think she ought to," rejoined the small philosopher, "'cause there is so much more of you to love."

—

"Mamma, has Mr. Brown's eyes got feet?" asked little Elmer.

"Certainly not, dear," replied the mother. "But why did you ask?"

"'Cause I heard sister say Mr. Brown's eyes followed her all around the room at the party last night," replied Elmer.

Through the Cracks.

When the celebrated divine, Edward Irving, was on a preaching tour in Scotland, two Dumfries men of decided opinions went to hear him. When they left the hall one of them said to the other:

"Well, Willie, what do you think?"

"Oh," said the other, contemptuously, "the man's cracked!"

The first speaker laid a quiet hand on his shoulder.

"Will," said he, "you'll often see a light peeping through a crack."

No Appetite

Means loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness. This is why it is serious. The best thing you can do is to take th[illegible] great alterative and to[illegible]

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Which [illegible]

When [illegible]

[illegible] etting. [illegible] May.

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